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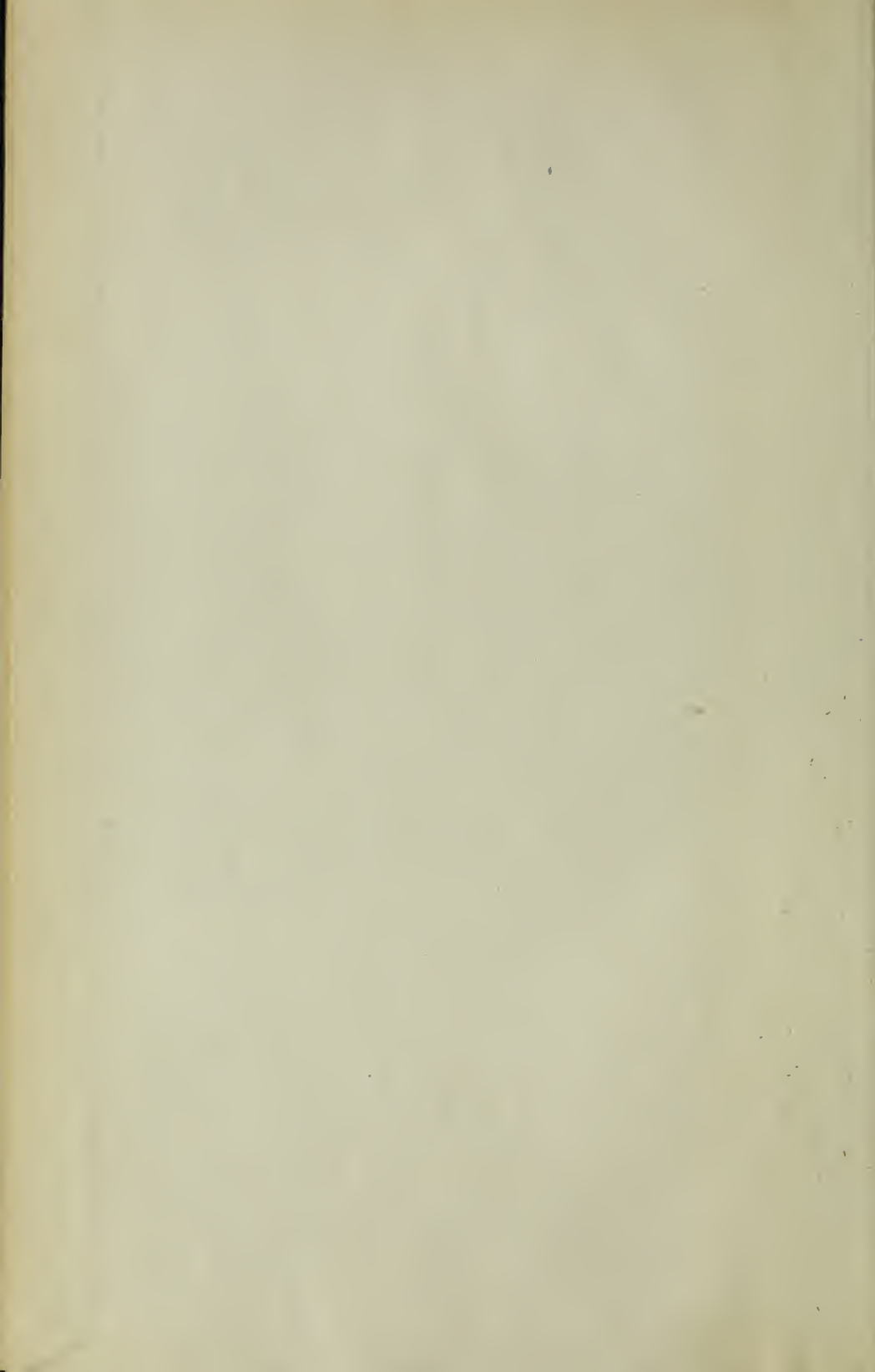
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# THE MIRROR

WINTER ISSUE

PHILLIPS ACADEMY

ANDOVER

MASSACHUSETTS





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## EDITORIAL NOTE

The Winter Issue of *The Mirror* is smaller in size than the issue last Spring and contains no Lower Middle — Junior Supplement and no pictures. Greatly increased costs of production and a limited budget have forced the Board to the decision to husband its resources for a large Spring Issue when more and better writing and art material will be available.

# THE MIRROR

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WINTER, 1949

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# THE FROGS

*By* L. I. Kane

NICE GOING, Aristophanes. You really crashed through with this one. You said what I've been trying to put down on paper for one hell of a long time. The good old theatre is really heading for the end, that is, if it isn't through already. It just hasn't got the kick that it once had. Oh, I guess that we've had a few important plays in the last twenty years or so, but from what I can see, we're not going to get many more. Rudolph Besier, Oscar Wilde, and Eugene O'Neill wouldn't write today the way they wrote years ago. And you, Aristophanes, can tell me why. That's right, because the fellows who are writing plays today are writing with one eye cocked toward sunny Hollywood. These birds, and who can really blame them, have been seduced by a passionate little gal all covered with gold. Write a play, and, if it's a "smash hit" you're set. Forty grand for the screen rights, a thousand a week during filming for technical direction (you do nothing but go mad while they tear your creation apart), and a juicy percentage of the box office take.

This sounds like a pretty good way of picking up a few quick shekels, but, and this is the rub, the "American System" doesn't produce good plays. "We, the people, want to be amused. To hell with everything but musicals, comedies, and sex. Shakespeare? Let the 'rep' theatres take care of him. We want something risqué."

Yes, old man, our playwrights have sold out. You were right. We must bring some great author back to rejuvenate the stage. Bacchus, it's up to you. What do you say about a little trip down to Hell? I think that Jim Barrie is just the man we want. He's got everything, sordidness, humor, and tragedy. By all means, Hell, where all real authors go, is the place to find Barrie.

ANY SIMILARITY TO ARISTOPHANES' FROGS  
IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

Dramatis Personæ

Chorus of Bulldogs

Bacchus, the patron God of the theatre.

Xanthias, his man-servant.

Jeb, Xanthias's brother.

Crap-shooter, unidentified.

Barrie, renowned English dramatist.

Scene—a lush New York apartment.

CHORUS:

Brekekekex! koax! koax!

Brekekekex! koax! koax!

Parabolou!

YALE!

Act I

Enter Bacchus wearing an asbestos suit. In one of his heavily gloved hands he holds a fragile Japanese fan. Every few moments he fans himself. He looks, and is, thoroughly uncomfortable.

Bac. Oh Xanthias! Xanthias, come here this instant! What miserable slaves the agency is sending out these days. Xanthias!

Enter Xanthias wearing a zoot suit, complete with a gold chain and tremendous pocket watch that glows in the dark. His tie is also luminous. KISS ME IN THE DARK BABY.

Xan. Yassur, Boss. What's on fo' today?

Bac. We have a job of work to do. We're going to Hell to bring back Sir James Matthew Barrie. Sweet thoughts of yesteryear. Remember the time we went in search of Euripides?

Xan. Yeah. We brought Aeschylus back instead. What a card!

Bac. Enough. Get the chariot.

Exit Xanthias

Bac. Those Votaries, if only I can see them again!

Enter Xanthias, driving a '49 Cadillac convertible. He opens the door for Bacchus, closes it, starts off in the direction of the Ritz.

Bac. Xanthias, since we have work to do, I must forego my luncheon. Drive immediately to Hell. We can stop at a Howard Johnson's for a snack when we get there.

## Act II

In forty-five minutes, the powerful Cadillac has taken Bacchus and his man-servant up to the gates of Hell. Bacchus is showing signs of nervousness. Two elegantly dressed young Negroes are kneeling on some glowing coals, shooting crap. Xanthias recognizes his brother, Jeb, and jumps out of the car to greet him shouting:

Xan. Who'll fade me?

Jeb. Well, if it ain't my brother Xanthias, the bastard who stabbed me. Welcome to Hell.

Xan. Jeb, you is daid. You don't hold no hard feelings, do you?

Jeb. Hell, no. I'll fade you.

Bac. Xanthias, I'm hot as blazes. I think I'm on fire!

Jeb. Who's the fat boy in the funny suit?

Xan. That's my boss, Bacchus. He don't play.

Jeb. Hey you, Bacchus, if you'll take off that crazy suit, you

won't be near so warm.

Bacchus removes the asbestos suit, revealing his usual effeminate costume.

Jeb. Well what do you know, a fairy!

Xan. He can't help it, but he ain't so bad anyway. Let's play.

Bac. I am not one. I have come in search of James Barrie, the famous dramatist. Can you tell me where he lives?

Jeb. Sure thing, Bacchus. You'll find that ole boy havin' a real hot time in the third furnace on the left.

Bac. Ahem. Thank you, sirrah. Come, Xanthias.

Xan. Sure, Boss. I always say quit when you're ahead.

### Act III

Bacchus and Xanthias are standing in front of Barrie's furnace. Bacchus has seared his knuckles knocking on the door.

Bac. You try, Xanthias. I'm sure he's in there.

Xan. (Knocks) You in there! Come on out. Bacchus wants to talk to you.

The door is opened a crack and in the midst of the flames and smoke that pours out can be seen the head of Barrie. As the smoke lifts, he recognizes Bacchus, and comes out in front of the furnace to shake hands with him.

Bar. Bacchus! I never expected to see you here, in Never-Never Land. Are you visiting, or are you here to stay?

Bac. Barrie, it does the old heart good to see you. I've come to take you back to life and to the world of the theatre. You, and you alone, can put the spark back in the sparkies. I implore you, dear Barrie, come!

Bar. Indeed, Bacchus, you flatter me. But man, or God, how can you expect me to leave here? This is the lusty life that I wanted, but never had, on earth. Down here I live. Up there, I merely existed. Why Bacchus, I actually feel virile!

Giggling is heard from within the furnace. Barrie hastily closes and bolts the door. He is somewhat embarrassed.

Bac. But it's your duty to the world, to the theatre, to . . . womankind!

Bar. What can I say to so eloquent a plea? Yes, I'll come. I'll come dressed in sackcloth, and with ashes on my head. It's my duty to womankind. Tell me, Bacchus, may I see your etchings some afternoon?

### CHORUS

Gods, attend this extrication  
Of a man condemned to Hell,  
Who without the slightest hesitation  
Returned to the land from whence he fell.

Bacchus called him playwright,  
And told him to do right;  
To take up his pen in behalf of the art  
That has suffered for years the loss of his heart.

The people, said Bacchus, have lost their wit,  
And know not the nimble from the stagnant and feeble.  
They go to the theatre and do nothing but sit,  
Laughing uproariously at jokes from the stable.

Of the tragic author  
I will little bother  
But to tell you that there are none  
Who can vie with you what you have done.

Barrie's returned to enliven the stage  
That has withered away since his golden age.

### CURTAIN

# ANDROMACHE ASTYANACTI SUO FILIO

*By* W. J. Kaiser

My son,  
This day the winter winds are come, and heavy shrouds of  
    bleakness hang upon the earth;  
Against the shores of Ilion the raging sea beats down, and  
    echoes long among the crumbled towers of Troy.  
Here, by this barren beach, I weep goodbye to Priam's past,  
Goodbye to Troy's tomorrow.  
For Thánatos, who swept his dusty cloak across Troy's walls,  
    comes now to claim great Hektor's son,  
Comes now to take the hope of fallen Ilion.

The plum'd helmet waits, my son.  
Alas,  
The waving plumes at which you cried while held in loving  
    arms  
Are gone.  
These are the dark plumes that stuffed the giant toy,  
That came in the night to Troy,  
Perfumed with the dank decay'd smell of death.  
They come to take you back once more to your tower'd home,

Once more to the courts you play'd in, by grandfather Priam's  
throne,

Once more, the battlements of Troy.

But you must go alone, my boy,

For where the proud Argive leads, I may not go.

He takes you off to Persephonê's lovely home

Where you shall find green fields of peace and happiness,

Far from your mother's arms.

Across the waters that bathe, in eternal spring, the heroes'  
home, you go:

There you shall find your father, awaiting with sorrowful joy  
his sweet Skamandrios.

Here,

The winter winds shall have no surcease;

Here, I shall go from barren Troy to barren worlds beyond,

Across the plains, over the seas, to unknown suns that haunt  
the banks of Okeanos.

Waiting,

Forever waiting for the spring

And you.

Cold rain falls softly now across the hills,

As night slides slowly in.

The wailing of the Trojan women,

The wilted flowers tossing on the bloody plain,

The sharp cries of darting gulls along the beach,

Whisper the tears of my goodbye

softly now, across the empty world.

# THREE ALLEGORIES

*By* P. L. B. Sourian

## I

### *The Chair*

IN A GREAT auditorium, at the place of highest importance there stands a beautiful oak chair. It is adorned with laughing cherubs, which were carved by someone forgotten long ago. The cherubs still caper, though. On this chair, a man sat every day for twenty years — which we consider quite a long time. One day he grew old, and he could not perform the one function that was expected of him, that of walking to the hall and placing himself in the chair. So the people tried to find someone else who was properly qualified to sit. When they finally found him, his name was in all the newspapers worth reading; but the old man's name was not even mentioned in a newspaper *not* worth reading.

On the day before the successor was to be permanently installed in the chair, some men were dusting it off with those big old-fashioned feather dusters (union labor). As I sat in the empty auditorium, I could hear one of them say, "I feel sorry for the man that's going to be cemented here tomorrow, because he won't be free like I am." You're not any freer, union man. Not many people seemed to think of it that way. As a matter of fact they envied and praised the man who was

to sit, as one who, at an early age, had become so successful that he above all others should be chosen, period. But chosen for what? To collect garbage, to be a god, to write a great piece of music, to make a lot of money. What's the difference?

Our illustrious friend will come every day and preside over the different speakers who will exhort the audience to be good (to be good?) and gain eternal life as was promised long ago in some big book which everyone has at home, but which hardly anyone reads. He will sit there and ponder the question too, even getting up himself once in a while and making a little speech which will end up on the same unanswered question, no matter how it starts. You know, maybe the reason why that chair is immortal is because it has heard so many speeches about eternal life.

The young man will sit on the chair for several years, and one day they will see a little fringe of his hair turn gray, and finally it will turn white. Then they will gently, indifferently lift him from the chair, and give his wife a beautiful fur coat; he won't get anything. They will send him off royally, he will thank everyone and realize how fortunate he is; then he will go away. Many men will go through the same thing, but the wonderfully carved oak chair with its laughing, scornful cherubs will still stand there and maybe once in a while, it will even condescend to listen to the speeches.

## II

### *The Whale*

The solemn procession of whales sluggishly lumbered its way through the underwater forest. Coming to a large clearing it formed a semi-circle around a large altar. From

out of the forest appeared a young, handsome whale. He was the *chosen* whale. He was to represent the whale-god *Falinas* at the autumn ritual. The ceremony began. Finally, after a long battle with evil whale-spirits, the youth was captured and thrown on the altar. The chief priest stepped up to the broken body and plunged a crude coral knife into its side several times. There was nothing left for the whale tribe to do but to march mournfully back to its village. The blood ran steadily for three days and on the third day the young whale rose up from the sea and floated along the surface of the ocean. To the whale tribe this is very wonderful, for it is the same for them as going up to heaven is for us. The carcass drifted for several days with albatrosses for company, and then one night it landed on a desolate beach.

The old shack creaked in the wind as morning became morning. The sound of tin kitchenware and the smell of wet coffee grounds with salt to taste were sounds and smells, and a shadow moving about inside was sight. But actually none of these existed, for this side of the island was hardly ever visited by anyone and the only being was a brown beachcomber in his shack. Rabbits and deer didn't count. They can't speak English or even Portugee. The man looked out of the window and turned back to his little stove. Then he looked out of the window again and saw the grey mass lying down there on the beach like a sleeping child relaxed. It was huge, and that's what made the whale so strange. It seemed almost alive, and the little lump of flesh in the shaky heap of shack-wood was a little scared even though *he* could speak both English *and* Portugee. The rabbits and deer weren't scared but they didn't count. That day when the beachcomber went beachcombing he made a careful detour around that part of the beach.

The next day there were a few people on that side of the

island, some elderly fisherman who lived in the village; so that wasn't much to be surprised about. They looked at the whale. The whale didn't look back; so they came closer.

The next day more people came and more people came closer and the first people climbed on top of the whale.

That evening everybody bought newspapers. The newspaper on the island was published once a week, and the all-year-round people bought it because it was the only paper; and the people-who-came-in-the-summer bought it because the all-year-round people did. So everyone read it. There was something about a dead whale on the south shore of the island, and the next day, when the man looked from the window onto the loneliest part of the island he was confused. There were cars: jalopies, station wagons, limousines, coupes, Cadillacs, Fords, wrecks, chauffeur-driven cars, 1901, 1947, 1899, 1932, 1928 and lots of others. People: people on foot, old, young, male, female; dogs, cats, helicopters, tricycles, scooters, motorboats, sailboats; Army, Navy, Coast Guard, Marines — and the ice cream man. An enterprising young character climbed up the side of the whale and carved his initials on it with a big knife. Meanwhile, on the other side of the whale someone else was doing the same thing. They both claimed it. They put big fences around it and charged admission. Two days later there was a regular system which everyone followed. You walked up to the ice cream man, who was getting rich. You bought one ice cream. You marched in a line through the gates, but not without paying admission. You looked, stared, gawked, depending on your nature. Went out. Bought one ice cream. Went home. You did as the rest did, worshipping at the temple of the man-god *BIG*.

"But when am I going to heaven?" asked the whale. No one heard him. After a while the whale began to smell, or, rather, the people began to smell the whale. The two enter-

prising young men suddenly disclaimed him. Now he became a problem. After much brilliant oratory the Board of Selectmen finally decided to appropriate money for the removal of the whale. They hired a construction company to cut him up into seven pieces and to bury each piece far under the earth. The people soon forgot about their man-god *BIG*.

### III

#### *The Artist*

William was happy. It was one of those few moments which he could never record accurately in his mind. So he never quite knew what happiness really was. He never even knew exactly what he was living for, though he had a vague idea. When he wasn't painting, he was arguing with his friend Matthias, a realist, that the exuberant spirited art of a man who drew consciously and with his imagination, his feeling, was true art no matter what form it took: that is, so long as the form was realized through technical skill of some kind. They spoke in shallow pretentious terms, but only because they couldn't very well do otherwise. Through the continual arguments or, as he insisted on calling them, discussions, he was *sure* of two things, though: that art of a radical nature is only good when it comes from the heart through the mind; and that one can always tell if it does. He hated with the cruelest, most intolerant hate, anything that was created otherwise.

William looked through the round mousish basement window of what he liked to call "The Studio." It was really nothing more than the sleeping, painting, and drinking room for Matthias, Karl, and himself. He walked through the door,

absent-mindedly forgetting to open it, and looked for his picture. Damn! He stumbled over enough things, but he couldn't seem to find what he wanted. All of a sudden he wasn't happy anymore. Matthias was painting in a corner. He told William that if he couldn't find that pitiful picture of his, he was lucky, and that was all. William ignored the remark and asked roughly, "Where's Karl?"

"Karl's with a girl, as he usually is, this time of day." William got madder and madder. He was virtually spinning around the room looking for his picture. He was at the stage where one can't see anyway, so it was sort of hopeless. He stopped spinning and his nose was smudged with a ghastly pink paint. It had come off a canvas and when he saw the canvas, he completely exploded. "Damn you, Karl! Damn you!" The picture looked awful to him. "Pure sensationalism! There! There! Look! I always say, when a man paints our way — Karl's way without being honest, the result is farcial. He can't cheat. He can't destroy what others have labored at, believed in. When you realists look at a picture like that, you say triumphantly, 'The paint is tossed at the canvas. Anyone can do that.' That picture is worse than some of the stuff you turn out." Handsome Karl was standing at the door all this time, grinning nervously. He respected William's opinions, but he felt sure that he had painted honestly. Slowly, William sat down on a bench. His anger had already reached a climax, and he could at least see clearly now. He looked at the painting and saw all of a sudden that it wasn't so awfully bad, and then, as the shapes floated together, he realized that it was good. The words and thoughts of the past few minutes combined and, suddenly, in one unhappy moment, he realized what had happened. Without considering the fact that he had just been so angry that his mind wasn't working clearly when he saw the picture, he hastily concluded, somewhat melo-

dramatically, that he had lost his faith. In a sense, he was right; for he had just contradicted the one abstract rationalization he felt sure was true. He wasn't studying under anyone any more. None could reaffirm his faith. He felt lost.

Two months later, William was painting landscapes. He hated this feeble copying process, but he believed that in order to rebuild a primitive philosophy he must start all over again. He wanted to retrace. Somewhere he had lost the way. He fumbled hopelessly. He didn't know that his old spirit had died.

When one loses one's faith, one's spirit, one usually is left with two possibilities: suicide or the Church of the Middle Ages. William entered a monastery. It was the only direction towards which landscaping for a second time pointed. He was set to work copying the manuscripts of some obscure saint, Malventrus or Bonaventure or somebody. It was thought that since he had artistic ability, he would be best suited for that work. He lived at the monastery until his death, and never thought or painted anything creative except the first letter of every chapter of Malventrus, which was always executed very beautifully. On his way up to heaven, where he was to be accorded the extreme privilege of inscribing on a never-ending parchment — they make them that way up in heaven — the works of the saint until eternity, he caught a glimpse of hell, and in one corner he saw Karl, working on a mad masterpiece. But then the flames covered Karl, who was forever doomed to paint in a creative merely *mortal* manner. On his flight to heaven to achieve the epitome of his new philosophy, William checked himself; for, as the flames framed Karl in the depths of hell, he regretted for a moment that he was not with Karl. For up in heaven, one writes the word *God* very often on his specific parchment, but one is never, never allowed to squeeze any *damns* in between.

# MOMENT

*By* R. Blum, Jr.

Idly standing in the white sand  
Watching waves endlessly  
    building  
        arching  
            crumbling  
And sand crabbubbles  
    retreating  
Thinking  
Green sea moss clings  
to sea green rocks   Beaten  
Seagullsailing  
    come to rest  
Purplegged crabs scurry  
frightening gulls  
old men with purple faces  
pok POK  
Gull's sharp-pointed cry is flung  
    to the sea  
and returns  
The tide runnibbling  
slanting along the shore  
sidles up

reachillingly for my feet  
misses  
and slipsilently back  
leaving wispy tatting on the moist  
Kelpungently swims to my nostrils  
biting swishing  
And women with naked legs  
lollazily  
The dying breeze stings with salt drops  
wistless silence

# NATURE BOY

*By* E. C. Cumming

THE BOY woke, coming up through the half-real space between oblivion and consciousness like a diver swimming to the surface of a pool. By habit he lay still for a minute to get his bearings. He felt vaguely uncomfortable; his feet were cramped into an awkward position, and one cheek was rather damp and cold from the night dew. He listened for a moment and heard nothing. Stretching out his arms, he propped himself on an elbow and opened his eyes. It was still dark, though there was enough grayness in the east to lend grotesque forms to the loblolly pines where they stood against the night. He remembered that, lying in his sleeping bag last night, he had concentrated on an early start in the morning. Rising quickly, he pulled on dungarees, then slipped his feet into a pair of mocassins while he zipped on his windbreaker over a faded T-shirt. His hand groped in the crotch of the scrawny blackjack oak at the foot of which he had spent the night, and grasped his beloved pair of four-power glasses. These he hung around his neck, then reached up again for a machete and a paper bag containing beaten biscuits and a chocolate bar. Now enough light had crept into the sky for him to stumble down to the little spring under a big rock by the oak. He took a long gulp, then by plunging

his head in cleared all his senses. Just as he stood up again a sound reached his ears — the first bird note of the morning.

It was the song of a mockingbird, saucy yet melodious, and as the sky colored, another mocker, then a Carolina wren and a field sparrow began. The boy started along the bank of the stream which originated at the spring. After a few yards he came to a halt and raised the glasses. A small greyish bird was making crazy, darting flights into the air, then returning to perch on the twig of a branch some twenty feet away from the main trunk of a great beech which cascaded a small waterfall in the stream bed. The boy knew by its seemingly inexplicable movements that the little lunatic was a flycatcher. Glimpsing a wing, he made sure by the absence of white bars on it that he was watching a phœbe. A new bird already! As he cut through the hardwoods on a slope, he observed to himself that the day promised to be successful.

Coming out of a grove of mockernut hickories, he stopped and surveyed the terrain in which he had planned to do the morning's bird spotting. In front of him extended a partly drained swamp. A string of pools lay in the middle, like a necklace of black beads carelessly dropped on a green rug. The boy saw that the trees bordering the stagnant water-course were black willows and swamp red oaks. A likely place for frogs — therefore, herons, perhaps? As he thought this, his glasses caught two specks of white by one of the pools. He dropped to his knees and started creeping toward the birds, using as cover the bulrushes which fringed the water. While he progressed rapidly, but silently, toward what he knew to be a pair of large waders, thoughts came and went: "Oh, Lord, hope they won't fly! I'll have to see the color of their legs to call them egrets . . . If I can make that clump of sassafras I'll be near enough . . . beaks? Little blues go through a white phase in the summer!" And all this time he kept his glasses on the brilliant whiteness of their feathers

as they lowered their supple S-necks to feed.

Sinking behind the young sassafras trees, he drew from a hip pocket a tiny tablet with oilcloth covers and a stubby pencil. Looking up after each word, he printed, "No. 64, little blue heron, June 28, Rocky River, N.C." Another new bird! With the already hot sun drying the legs of his pants, he watched the herons feeding until they took off with necks doubled, great wings lustily flapping, circled twice over the swamp and dwindled to specks above the trees to the south. When they were gone he realized that he had been through something memorable. With a smile, the boy headed toward the row of sycamores, tulip poplars, and willows which arched over the brown river at the far side of the swamp.

By the time he reached the cane stand on the river bank it was too hot for any more spotting. He had seen a yellow warbler, a red-eyed vireo, three catbirds hopping in the low branches of trees, a chipmunk, sparrow feeding, and a flock of fifteen redwing blackbirds flying overhead. Even though he had these birds on his list, he got the same breathless sensation from watching them as he did from identifying a species new to him. Now he hacked through the canes and ten-foot weeds and emerged on a sandbar under the cool, shadowy roof of foliage. He stuck his feet in the muddy current, started munching a biscuit, and asked himself why he was content.

It had all started one hectic day the previous fall. Later, he might suppose that it had developed over a period of time, this source of strength drawn from communion with things outside the hurried business of people. But now he was sure he had found it in a single day. His biology teacher had given the assignment of collecting three different mosses to bring to the next class. On his way home from school that day he had thought it would be best to get the matter over with and had grudgingly turned into a patch of woods beside the road. The oaks were deep red, red maples a glory of scarlet,

hickories a golden yellow. A breeze edged with frost hounded high clouds across the burning blue sky. The boy had sensed none of this, but was searching the ground for mosses. Suddenly, he heard the insolent scream of a bluejay and, looking up, he saw it winging straight and high in the pride of its plumage. He gazed about him and in an instant realized where he was, and why he was. He spent the remainder of the afternoon tramping through leaves, in the secret places of the woods and cornfields, and returned home by an orange moon, completely free in spirit.

A drop of water struck the boy's cheek, and he looked up, his thoughts of that day broken into. Black clouds were coursing the hot sky, and even as he scrambled up onto a boulder, a roll of thunder tumbled down sky corridors. The three o'clock storm had arrived. While the first large rain-drops dotted the river, a twittering flock of swifts swirled across the moving clouds. The boy gazed upward and felt himself a part of the infinite scheme of things.

# JEDER MANN MAG LEBEN SUCHEN

*By* R. W. Boeth

MARVIN BAKER opened the door of No. Forty-four Lincoln Lane, a brownstone apartment four stories high. He was home and he was tired. He trudged up three floors through the smells and the dirt and the dead cat to his one room apartment. His and Mary's. The room was lit in the daytime by a skylight in the middle of the ceiling. There was no electricity and at night they used whale-oil lamps. They drew their water from a tub in one corner of the room. The plaster had peeled off the wall until the brownstone showed through. The mattress had been taken off the bed and was lying in a puddle in the corner, so that the fire could be built on the metal springs and not burn any more holes in the floor boards.

Mary was standing there, all there, every bit of her there, holding a crying baby which suddenly fell silent as he entered the room. He leaped tiredly over a sag in the rug and without saying a word took Mary in his arms. She dropped the baby and it began crying again; but that didn't matter, for his lips were against her lips, his teeth against her teeth, his tonsils against her tonsils . . . She broke away with a wrench.

"Marv, the baby . . ."

"Chloroform it."

"Marv!"

"What?"

"Don't talk about him that way."

A glimmer of hate flashed in Marv's soggy eyes as he looked at the infant, but then he turned away. He looked at Mary. Goddammit if she wasn't pretty; she was really pretty; she was beautiful. She'd been working hard all day and she still looked pretty. He'd been in a shipyard the whole day and she looked beautiful. Maybe it was that way she had of wearing a turtleneck sweater off one shoulder . . .

"I'm tired, I guess. Where's the dinner?"

"On the fire."

He turned to the bed-springs, where a few slices of spam where roasting over a cardboard kindled fire.

"I need a drink," he said, walking over to the cupboard. He pulled out the cork of a bottle of '26 Gagnol cognac and poured some into a saucer. The icy fire burned like lukewarm icicles against his stomach. He could feel it against his chest where he had spilled some, and the wet shock snapped him back to his senses. He was hungry, very hungry, very very hungry; he remembered that he hadn't had anything other than a glass of orange juice all day. He walked over to the bed and picked a piece of spam off the spit and ate ravenously. The baby cried.

"Marv, try to save some spam for the baby."

"To hell with the baby; I'm hungry. This kid has nothing to do all day but sit around and build things out of those little pieces of broken glass, while I slave in that shipyard."

"I'm sorry, Marv; you eat the spam. The baby can wait until tomorrow night."

Marv finished up the spam and turned again to the cognac. The amber liquid glowed in the delicate light of the whale-oil lamps and danced like the eyes of a thousand glistening potatoes. The burning wetness was chilling the spam,

but he didn't care. Nothing mattered; all was all gone, all gone was all, all all was gone. But, he thought desperately, was all all gone? It was that. He looked at the liquid and he wondered what the noun for amber was . . . maybe it was amberity; no — it must be forever . . .

He put on his hat and walked out the door, into the cold, burning, torridly tepid night. And it was night . . .

Therefore and is evermore . . .

Such is the mind of man.

—*Sigismund Kraus*

# FROM THE SHADOWS

*By* E. Wentworth

O Lord of Hosts  
it is dark  
It is dark  
and I see you in an alley  
all alone

Your life  
with plaintive miaow  
is hunting bread in the debris  
sipping oil from the juices in the gutter  
Your joy thrills the air  
with the barking of a mongrel  
who knows contempt for his neighbor  
in the yap-and-run combats  
of a slimy street

A pile of straw  
which has seen its best use  
tossed in a heap against a crumbly wall  
supplies the comfort for a weary rat  
seeking a filth-haven for lack of honey

Man finds your beauty  
in the glories of the vine  
(a bruise and a torn nightgown  
distorted by blood-shot eyes)

Destiny thunders  
in the passing  
of a dumptruck

Judgment rings  
from the half-open lid  
of a garbage can

A barefoot bastard  
born of love  
shakes his bony fist and sobs  
His cry's refrain is from a psalm unblest

Success is for the lucky  
And darkness for the rest

# SCENE DE MA VIE

*By* C. F. Flynn

THE PREPARATIONS for the trip were as they always were. Whether we took three days to get ready to go or three hours, we always did the same things. I was dispatched to the dark garret that served attic duty and told to find my Father's traveling bag: a large, unwieldy black affair that could hold any number of feminine necessities and my sailor suit imported from England with a real bo'sun's whistle. I found the bag easily and started it down the long stairs to Mother's sewing room where Mother always amassed, in large piles, too many things to go into it, which, if not packed, would remain in large piles until our return. In a little pile, pygmied by wicker baskets and mended-but-not-retained socks, I found the few things which Mother had thought proper for me to take. To my horror the whistle was not among the folds of my sailor suit. I unfolded the shirt but the whistle was not in the pocket where I usually kept it. I felt in the pants; but it was missing. I looked everywhere, but could not find it.

When Mother came from her room with an armload of shoes she expected to pack, I attempted to refold the shirt but couldn't. Mother gently lifted it from my hands, folded it, and replaced it on the pile. She talked seriously about our

coming trip as she started putting her shoes next to mine in the bottom of the bag. We were going to Uncle Dodd's house. Uncle Dodd was not going to be there. Daddy — she always called him Father — was not going with us. I was to be a little gentleman and not make any noise. I could never understand how "gentleman" and no noise went together, because certainly my Father was a gentleman, but he was never quiet. I could not take my whistle because I was to make no noise at all. We would leave when the small hand of the clock pointed toward the mantle and the long hand pointed to Heaven. I was to be ready then. Bertha, the large negress who had recently taken over the lower regions of the house and who knew so very much about the lifting of walking-under-ladder curses, was going to give me my dinner at five. I must have looked very worried, because Mother kissed me on the forehead and told me to start my appointed preparations for the trip. I always remember her kissing me on the forehead because it was a habit of her's that was distinctly distasteful to my grown-up attitude.

I skipped across the hall into my room with its monotonous nursery-rhyme wall paper crayoned in all imaginable colors and a predominant arc of radius the length of my arm. Always my first job was to destroy the many forts that protected my bed and my closet from the raids of Mother. The forts, in my estimation, were engineering feats, criminal to destroy. When I broke them up I started from the floor, and with loud crashes they turned into rubble, littering my floor more and more.

Suddenly an ominous warning from the foot of the front stairs told me that Bertha would feed me in twenty minutes! I charged the bathroom as the French had charged the Bastille in the book in Daddy's study, and I began to empty the tub of soldiers and boats and fill it with water. Hopping from one square to the next on the hall rug I returned to my room, and

buffing my shoes on the legs of my corduroys I began unbuttoning my shirt.

The water was too hot, and as the cold raced through the pipes and into the tub I weighed myself and looked critically into the mirror. What if I had been born to look like this, I speculated as I pulled my eyelids out of shape. I squinched my face into many contortions and then felt the water again. It was too cold. But what did it matter if the soap wouldn't sud? It always got into my eyes anyway.

After being hurried to dry, dress, comb my hair, and swallow my food, I was ready to go just as the small hand reached for the mantle and the long hand reached a little East of Heaven.

# DEATH OF A BLACK CAT

*By* K. F. Stuckey

Black! Black! Black! Black!  
Floating form of coal black cat  
Topaz eyes of green, green  
Speak of things that flash unseen  
Seen by sight that sees all else  
Softly padding padded felts  
Feelings feelings felt anew  
Feelings slightly tinted blue  
Blue, blue of opening skies  
Blue that mirrors in the eyes  
As green black and tossing sea  
Washing, washing to the lee,  
Where all is black and blue and green  
Tossing colors never seen.

# POLICE REPORT

*By* N. R. Rolde

## I

*Oct. 27, 1948: 1:00 P. M. Working with squad A, Gardes Mobiles, raided a black market at the intersection of Rue St. Pierre and Rue Chien Bleu in Montmartre. A poor catch. Four marketeers, all small fry. Spent rest of the afternoon interrogating the prisoners.*

1:00 P. M.

A WHISTLE SHRIEKED. A troop of steel-helmeted police crossed the square at double time. There was a sound of running feet.

The tables were quickly deserted. Through alleyways and into cellars, the marketeers and would-be customers dashed; each to his own hiding place.

Some tried to take their goods with them. A street urchin, thin, undernourished, with cropped head and sunken eyes, scurried from table to table, pocketing food, clothing, whatever he could carry.

He hadn't seen the police arrive. A tall sergeant stood by unnoticed, a grin forming on his lips as he watched those quick movements.

His presence was soon discovered. The youngster, ter-

rified, stood, mouth open and eyes on the verge of tears, staring dully at him, unable to move.

"Please," he said, his voice barely louder than a whisper. "Please don't hit me."

The sergeant motioned to a side alleyway, then turned his back as the boy scampered off, pockets bulging.

The captured marketeers had been brought across the square to the police truck, four in all. Blood trickled down the side of one's face where a billy club had broken the flesh. Hands behind their heads, they stood facing the truck, being searched. A revolver was found on one, a little .22 with a ridiculously short barrel. His men showed him the revolver and pointed to its owner. The grin disappeared from the sergeant's lips. He walked up to the man and hit him in the face, very hard. Blood formed around the mouth.

Then they loaded the prisoners onto the truck and drove off.

## II

*Oct. 30, 1948: 7:00 A.M. Moved into the town of Foulant with a force of Gardes Mobiles and soldiers, to prevent a Communist march on the Crepon Tire Factory, scheduled for 1:30 P. M. An estimated five thousand workers are supposed to march.*

1:30 P. M.

The tall sergeant, two sacks of fifty caliber machine-gun clips slung over his shoulders, crossed the street and walked calmly down the sidewalk to the corner. The machine-gun was on the corner, behind a makeshift barricade put together from old furniture, mattresses, sand bags and barbed wire.

It was hot. The men were drinking *pinard* out of bottles. They had taken off their steel-helmets and were reclining against the sand bags. One was wiping his forehead with a sweat-stained kerchief. Another lay back, a cigarette in the corner of his mouth.

The *pinard* was warm and tasted very bad. They had found the four bottles behind a cabinet in the liquor shop at the head of the street. The proprietor had been prudent enough to hide the rest of his supply when news arrived that the army and police were to occupy the town. These four bottles he had either overlooked or left simply out of spite. They were very old, and the dust was so thick on the bottle that you couldn't read the label.

The sergeant arrived and set the ammunition sacks beside the machine-gun.

"Hey, sergeant, why don't you go back and find us something drinkable? In my town even the pigs get better mouthwash than this."

"Why don't you go back yourself, lazy one?"

"Our friends might show up and I don't want to miss them."

"I'll greet them for you, lazy one."

The men joked, but tension was beginning to mount. The sound of marching feet became audible. The strikers were on the move. The armored car across the street roamed restlessly back and forth across the opening of the street they were guarding. The squad of soldiers guarding their left flank had deserted its card games and taken up its positions in a group of empty apartment houses.

The sound of marching feet became louder. The men in the machine-gun nest took their places. Their defenses now seemed so inadequate. A mere handful of police and soldiers against five thousand organized Communist fanatics. Of course, the armored car would help. But if they charged?

The thing to do was not to provoke them. Maybe a show of arms would be enough? Maybe . . . ?

The first ranks of strikers came into view. They were carrying a large red banner. Rank after rank filed into the street. The front lines advanced closer and closer towards the machine-gun nest. The sergeant's finger was on the trigger, but the safety catch was on. If only no one fires, he thought.

The strikers had reached the beginning of the intersection and had found their way blocked by the armored car. The leaders gathered and held a council of war. After ten minutes, four of them, preceded by a worker carrying a flag of truce, started across the square. On reaching the machine-gun nest, they asked the sergeant if they might speak with the commander of the government forces. The sergeant called for the army captain in charge, who came over with a lieutenant, his second-in-command. The six men held a conference in the middle of the intersection, in which the Communist leaders very politely asked for permission to march through the town. The army captain, equally polite, replied that no such permission could be granted. The strikers then held another council of war and decided to disband rather than face the fire power of the governmentals. A great deal of disgruntled muttering followed amongst the Communists, who finally disbanded and went home, save for a few fanatics, who lingered at a safe distance, shouting insults at the government forces.

The men in the machine-gun nest relaxed and went back to drinking the bad *pinard* and smoking cigarettes.

"Hey, sergeant, could I at least fire a few shots in the air, I think I'm getting out of practice."

### III

*Nov. 2, 1948: 2:00 P. M. A call from 17 Rue Frontenac in Pigalle. Broke up a fist fight between two workers in a garage. In the confusion, one of the men escaped. The other man was booked for disturbing the peace.*

2:00 P. M.

The police-wagon was parked across the street from a group of shabby, overhanging, boarding-houses. Five Gardes Mobiles and a sergeant dismounted from the rear of the truck and started across the street, the sergeant with his revolver drawn.

At the front stairs of the first boarding-house, they were met by a highly excited woman.

"They have gone crazy, I tell you, crazy. You must stop them, *messieurs*. They will kill each other, *messieurs*. They have just gone crazy, simply crazy."

She finished her statement and then dramatically proceeded to bawl. The sergeant's queries as to who was doing the fighting and where was the fight taking place, went unheeded.

The sergeant sent two of his men around to the back, while he and the other three searched the house. In the kitchen, they found a sixteen-year-old girl perched on a stool, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette and peeling potatoes.

"I suppose you've come about those two idiots," she said. "Why don't you go home and let them knock each other's stupid brains out? Maybe we'd have some peace around here then."

"Where are they?"

She pointed to the window over the sink. "Look out that, and you'll see a low, red, brick building. That's the garage. They're in there."

The Gardes went out through the back passage way, which opened upon the backyard. At double time they crossed

the yard and reached the garage. The haste was unnecessary. The two men sent around back already had broken up the fight, and now stood covering the culprits with their revolvers. The two fighters, their clothing torn, blood-stained, grease-smearred, each with eyes glowering with hatred for the other, stood against the wall, quiet for the moment.

The fight had begun over a question of politics. One of the men was a Rightist, a member of De Gaulle's RFP, and the other, naturally, a Communist. They had been living together in the same boarding-house for two months, and the fight was the culmination of many hours of heated debate.

After being searched, the prisoners were escorted into the police-wagon. The De Gaullist had become quite subdued but the Communist still smoldered. He shouted insult after insult at his enemy, using the foulest language imaginable and ignoring the sergeant's order to shut up. When the truck started to move, he became even louder. "I'm a citizen. You can't do this. I have my rights. It's that stinking, filthy De Gaullist *bâtard* over there that you want. Not me, you don't want me. I am for the people of France. It's that *bâtard* over there. *Cochon!* He even hit me when I wasn't looking."

"Shut up!" said the sergeant.

"Shut up! Who do you think you are, you Fascist *bâtard*? I'm a citizen. I pay taxes. I have my rights."

Crack! The butt of the sergeant's revolver came down hard on his head. The Communist fell to the truck's floor and lay still.

The sergeant stepped over the prostrate Red and walked to the head of the truck to the grill that serves as a means of communication between the driver's seat and the back of the truck.

"Stop," he told the driver.

The truck came to a halt and the sergeant motioned to the De Gaullist to get out.

“Now go home, sonny boy, and the next time you pick  
a fight with a Red, for God’s sake, do a better job.”

## FRAGMENT

*By* R. Blum, Jr.

I, rising from the mountain’s slope  
Above the bleakness of the soil  
To find in all the endless skies  
The lone dim star for which I grope,  
Still wonder if in one new birth  
You, waking, may somehow recall  
My hill, my path, my time of earth  
And come again to me.

# AGON

*By* F. H. Burrell

**T**HIS IS the story of a god who was ahead of his time. He was Dionysus, indeed the most beloved of the gods of later times, for he was the God of Creation, of 'the spirit of wine and springtime'. However, not always did Dionysus know such love from all Greece. There was a time, many, many years before he existed as we know him, when he was little known and little cared for. He lived apart from the quarrels of the Olympic deities, for he was an iconoclast who did not keep a place in his heart for cruelty and Old Testament barbarity.

Early one fall morning, just before the chill yellow rays of the morning sun crept across the foothills of the Pindus Mountains, Dionysus chanced to look down from his cloud into the clearing below him. He shifted his position slightly, for there was a hump in the cloud, and then, the better to see, he shifted his star into his left hand. He placed his chin in his palm and leaned over the edge of the cumulus. Far below him, the twinkle of torches traced a twisted path outside of the darkened town of Orchomenous, like pin-holes strung in a lampshade.

He turned on his X-ray vision. Below him, a long twisty column of men, elders and youths, stumbled toward the clearing, through the brambled woods, now bundled in an autumn

quilt of ground mist. The god smiled benignly and took another sip of nectar. He slowed down his cloud and hovered over the oasis of green grass in the desert of brown and red leaves toward which the column was headed. The tawny sun burned a path into a mountain saddle. Frosted grass in the clearing, a shimmering field of ground-spiders' webs, was scuffed and bruised by the sandaled feet of priests. The god's mind glowered. Priests, he thought; penny-pinching, palm-porting psalm-singers, for he was an iconoclast. The cadavers of unblemished ewe lambs lay draped like alpaca coats across a coarse wooden altar.

The god's face glowered. He set down his nectar and wondered whether it was right that one of his own creation, a faultless ewe lamb, should be ripped with a clumsy stone knife until its blood had been drained out on the soil, and then cast with such disregard on a scaffolding. Yes, a scaffolding for what? To support the worship of a creative god, and then destroy the best that he had made. There was not good in it.

His face resembled a crackled Staffordshire tea pot, as concern fretted his mind. He was mistaken in what the people thought of what he stood for. Perhaps he was wrong. Perhaps, through sitting too long on his pink cloud, he had failed to keep up with the advance of his people's civilization. He was willing to admit that he was being old-fashioned about the whole thing. In any case, it would be worth his while to wait around and find out what was to follow.

The lights he had seen before were now beneath him. In great contrast to the celestial music that he had been listening to, the cacaphony of mumbled dirges rises like an evil breeze from the clearing. The men that had been in the procession and the satyr-like figures that had joined them in the clearing are staring at a clump of trees. Dionysus, sharing their expectancy, becomes even more curious as the figure of a young

man bounds into the clearing and begins a frenzied dance. The spectators sway and rock, chanting to mumbled hymns. Just before Dionysus thought that their heads must be shaken off, a huge figure clad in dead leaves, lumbers into the arena. The crowd, the youth, and Dionysus gasp. The dæmon, a shaggy hulk, lunges after the youth. The figures leap and fall, part and spin at each other. The sweet, sickening odor of burnt flesh and the poignant acridity of sweat and fury rise like a miasma from the frenzied, writhing crowd below him.

Dionysus turned away and when he looked again, the young man was being crushed in the great arms of that dæmonic figure and born to the altar, where his limp, but quivering, body was flung amidst the lambs. The crowd fell prostrate on the ground before the altar, while the chief priest raised a crude stone knife over the helpless form before him.

Dionysus turned livid with fury and shock at the action going on below him. Instantly lowering his cloud over the altar, before the knife could fall, he snatched up the youth and hoisted him to his cloud.

The crowd below him sprang back from the initial shock, bared their teeth in anger, and after a growled consultation, glared at the rising cloud, and silently slunk back into the woods from whence they had come.

Dionysus did not look back. His mind enclosed worry for his actions. He was even tempted to recall the throng and give them back their toy. He guessed that he really was wrong. Sitting up on a cloud could really let a god's mind stray from the right philosophy. He wished that he had never come anywhere near the clearing. If only he could undo what he had done. But perhaps he was not completely wrong.

In any case, it was too late. By this time, the farmers would be back in the fields, gathering up the late autumn beets and squash, the women would be haggling in the agora, while the children cut out jack-o'-lanterns.

# SOLILOQUY OF A STUDIOUS STUDENT

*By* E. Wentworth

What? Midnight? Elusive minutes shall leave me  
Wanting in my rest. And yet, though I use  
Many watts and sorely strain my searching  
Sight, pounding my head in vain, that messages  
From my brain, that treasury of knowledge,  
Might come at my urgent summons to point the way,  
I'm still far from the execution of the deed.  
An hour gone; this problem yet defies me.  
Should I construct  $FG$  and extend it once its length  
To  $H$ , or prove by Theorem  $V$  that, three  
Sides respectively being equal, triangles  
Are seen to congruent be? Or else does angle  
 $DEF$  supplement angle  $FEB$ , and  
 $A$ -prime  $B$ -prime fall on line  $AB$ ?  
Perhaps vertical angles, like mortal foes,  
Come face to face in adversity at common  
Vertices. I could not answer now.  
O weary eyes, you falter, so I see  
Parallelograms where trapezoids should be.  
Pencil, ruler, compass, carry on:  
I mustn't yield to sleep till all is done.

# JOHN HENRY CHEEKS

*By* L. F. Polk, Jr.

**P**ROBABLY THERE has never been a better representative of the black race than John Henry Cheeks. Born in slavery, he was typical of the many black people in the South who, liberated by the Civil War, stayed on the plantation, having little use for their newly acquired freedom. When John was thirteen, his mother and father died, and he went northward. He arrived in Dayton, where my grandfather gave him a job in his small plant. John used to do odd jobs around the house on Saturdays and Sundays, and because of his likable nature, the family soon asked him to quit the plant and come to the house. For forty years, until his death, he was a devoted servant of the family.

John was a big, muscular man, strong as an ox; but mentally he was childlike. He possessed a childlike faith in humanity and a childlike nature. However, it seems to me that people who possess simplicity of mind in certain respects often get more out of life than those who clutter their minds with things of little real value. At least in this case I know it was true. His philosophy of life was based on simple principles. A deep respect for the law and a simple religion formed the basis of his character. He never harmed a soul and found an indescribable joy in taking care of children.

He sensed even the littlest things that he thought would be of help, and found the time and patience to do them. John felt you never got something for nothing. He used to tell me that there was somebody way up there that judged your efforts and always gave you a little more than an even break.

I will always remember the time when in haste I called John a nigger. He said to me: "Mastah Bo, Ah wishes you wouldn't call me dat. Aftah all, Ah is black just as you is white. Ah wishes you would call me black man. You and me, we eats the same food. The only difference betwixt you and me is our cullah." From that day on I never called a black person a nigger.

He was an inspiration to all of us kids in his never-failing patience and kindness. He was gifted with a friendly disposition which always rose to the occasion no matter how difficult the circumstances. In John's eyes, no child ever did any wrong. He always hated to see me punished and was constantly steering me away from trouble, and in turn I always talked my problems over with him before I did anything.

When I was about nine years old I decided to run away, and as usual I took counsel with John. He said to me: "Mas-tah Bo, Ah wouldn't be a doin' dat eff'n Ah was you. Ah don't know much, but it would be awful hahd. You hafta to do a lot of sufferin', dat much Ah does know. It'd be mighty hahd. Now eff'n Ah was you, Ah'd wait a little while afore I figgered on adoin' somethin' lak' dat. It always seems to me, so long as it's within de teachins of God and de law, dat de easiest way is de best way, and you is cuttin' out a mighty big chunk of de hahd way eff'n you runs away."

John was terribly conscientious. If he was working in his old clothes in the yard when some of our friends came in the driveway, he would go into the house, put on his white coat, and go to the door and talk to them. He loved the holi-

days, for that was when all the family got together. Even after he had been retired on a pension, he always was hurt if we didn't ask him to serve on Thanksgiving or Christmas. Although he was more in the way than a help, he repaid us in his deep love for the family. Through frugality and wise living, even though not able to read or write, John, long before he died, had his own home with a small garden and a few chickens. Seeing him going about, beaming with pride, talking to everyone, calling everybody his own, made me choke up. John is dead now; but as long as I live I'll remember that big, smiling face and his unalterable love for the whole family.

# CONVERSATION

*By* H. A. Klein

"Wutcha doin?"

"Studjunnistry. Shdup!"

"Wut kinda vistry?"

"Perzha nistry."

"Whoya studjun bout?"

"Zoroaster."

"Who ast er?"

"Zoroaster. Heza Perzh'n profit."

"Wuddy do?"

"I dunno. O shdup, willya?"

"Then wutcha studjun boutim for?"

"Fratesta morra."

"A wutcha doin now?"

"Studjun math."

# PENSEES D'UN HOMME A LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS ETERNELLEMENT PERDU

*By* W. J. Kaiser

**J**OE DEAR she said the little hypocrite it really should have been dear Joe more formal that's all she wanted anyway formality that's all the dear is formality O frailty thy name is another drink why not might just as well get stinking drunk while I'm at it Joe dear dear Joe nice howdoyoudo that is hrmmph trying to soften the blow was she why didn't she just tell me you're a Past Petunia a Gone Goose or something else like that instead of fancying it up with all those tender euphemisms tender hell just a lying erkp pardon my burp hypocrite O well forget it what's the difference think of something else have another drink this is good rye wonder where I got it O yes O yes Casey's Carryout Store nice old guy Casey bit of a cynic but then aren't we all I know you'll understand she said but O forget it will you there are always other pebbles on the beach as the old saying goes I wonder who were the first people to say all those little phrases everybody uses Shakespeare I suppose I read somewhere that Shakespeare's the most quoted man in the world I suppose

the Bible comes next doubting Thomas and all those others  
Thomas Lindholm she said now who the hell is he an artist  
she said probably some pauperpoor amateur I hope they  
starve in a garret or something Les Bohémiens O I guess that  
doesn't really happen after all just fiction that's all I can't  
erkp understand it just puppylove couldn't be real she'll be  
sorry and someday she'll come crawling back can you lend  
me just a little bit of maney darling Joe dear dear Joe so  
that I can get something for Tom and me to eat God how I'll  
laugh let your Don Juan feed you dearie I'll say I'll never  
look at her again I'll just have another drink and forget all  
about her I guess I need a vacation maybe I'll close up the  
office for a week and go back to the farm O how I love it on  
the farm everything is so fresh and wholesome and beautiful  
and it all brings back the days when I was a kid I had such  
a good time there is everybody's erkp childhood so happy I  
wonder I suppose so they say that the days as a youngster  
are the best days of your life I've known her since she was a  
little kid I'll always remember you she said remember I  
guess so and all the things I've done for her she is a grateful  
miss if I ever set eyes on one I used to play with her when  
she was only four or five what a pretty little girl she was I  
guess I really fell in love with her at first sight if you can  
call it love at that age but now she's erkp twenty-three and  
gone O O she was so lovely when she was seventeen she  
breathed springtime wherever she was O how I loved her life  
is so cruel what shall I do without one more drink and that  
will be all drink to me only with thine eyes and I shall O  
Ruth why did you have to leave me just when everything was  
beginning to O forget it there are other things I shall take  
that vacation and have a good rest I need one worked so hard  
this year now the O'Mallory case is cleared up and Bill says  
hearings on the Ulser patent don't begin for a month or so  
I shall just knock off for a while what a lovely night it Bonnnng

is here on the veranda I Bonnnng always like to sit out here Bonnnng and let the cool lake breezes come Bonnnng over the water and over the lawn and Bonnnng soothe me when I am tired after a hard day's work I do Bonnnng work hard just as I always have said you Bonnnng erkp can't become a success unless you work hard I have become Bonnnng a success haven't I how proud my family would be if they Bonnnng could only see me now even my success could not Bonnnng hold ten o'clock Ruth I do hope that Lindholm fellow will be good to her perhaps I might give them a little sum of money as a wedding gift to start them off no that would probably embarrass them yet I might work it to remain anonymous I'll have to see tomorrow about time for me to turn in now it has been a long hard day and then to come home and find this letter I'm terribly sorry to have to let you know this way yes I suppose she was poor girl I was stupid not to have realized it I'll always remember you she said yes I guess she will only I hope it is with kind thoughts it would kill me to know that she hated me she can't hate me she called me dear didn't she of course that wasn't just formality it meant dear Joe dear she said dear Joe how often she called me darling I know you'll understand of course I understand I was silly to think that at sixtyfive I could make such a lovely young thing love me yet she did some O I'm sure she still loves me some she called me dear O yes she does dear Joe dear Joe Joe dear O dear O.

# STORM

*By* J. H. Prinster

Ragged flashes tore vivid patterns  
In lightning through the sky. Thunder, like  
The boom of cannons, echoed down the valley  
And shook the very mountains to their core.  
And trees bowed low before the rainfilled wind,  
Which swept with force the hallways of the forest.  
The rain that blew before the wind was pounding  
Like small fists against the mighty objects  
Of the mountains. Light, the only sign  
Of life upon the dreary scene, crept  
Through a single window of a cabin,  
Huddled next to the sturdy mountain side.  
Within, a brisk fire burned and radiated  
Warmth to every corner of the room.  
And in a chair drawn close beside the fire  
There sat a man. A wreath of smoke arose  
From a pipe between his teeth. Outside,  
There hung a freshly slaughtered deer beneath  
A tarp. The wind arose in strength and screaming  
Tried to pull the fire from out the chimney.  
While settled lazily in his chair, enjoying

The warmth cast by the fire, he heard from out  
A tapping at the door. Again it came.  
More quickly, yet more loudly did it pound.  
Jumping to his feet and reaching for  
His gun, he ran outside, there to behold  
No living object near the cabin door.  
Going back, he sat and tensely held  
His gun. The fire was burning low, thus casting  
Shades of darkness through the room. The door  
Blew back with force, and rain with wind and thunder  
Burst into the room. And with just speed  
The door then closed again. But still was heard  
The tapping as in volume it increased.  
He heard another sound, a rumble low  
And loud. A look of desperation came  
Across his face. And jumping to his feet,  
He fled into the storm, stumbling, falling  
Through the forest. The door closed. Upon  
It beat a willow branch, swung by the wind.

# A SESSEX TALE

*By* K. F. Stuckey

**J**EHU HAYSTACK was a poor man. He was poor because he was born poor and being born poor strove for nothing better. Simplicity was another definite characteristic of Jehu; so simple was he that many of his neighbors often wondered if he were actually alive. In strong contrast with this poor, simple provincial was Tediùs Balencium, a neighbor of Jehu's in the little village of Catastrabridge, in the county of Sessex. Tediùs was a gentleman who lived moderately on his family income; but, to occupy his time, because he was a bachelor, he ran a small dairy farm consisting of three cows and a female goat. The goat was a spoiled creature that Tediùs humored in absence of any other demands made on his emotions. The most striking contrast between Jehu and Tediùs however, was not a financial one: it lay rather in the carefree nature of Jehu as opposed to the seeming tranquil but actually tempestuous nature of Tediùs. The tranquility was produced by a delicate counter-balancing of his emotions, a balance not long to be preserved.

The arrival of Miss Voluptuous Amoret in to the quiet hamlet was heralded by ominous weather, signs in which the natives believed implicitly. The weather of Sessex was always sympathetic with its inhabitants. The rain mingled with the

tears of the virtuous Voluptuous and both streamed down her firm, red cheeks to make sad puddles on the sorrowing turf underfoot. The trees drooped shameful heads that so beautiful an uncannonized saint should have to tread the tortuous rocky streets of Catastrabridge, unsheltered by cloak or bonnet.

What sordid sequence of morbid events had broken down the spirit Voluptuous Amoret had once possessed? This question flashed through the lively-balanced mind of Tediús as he, too wended his weary way in search of his recalcitrant goat. A deep and thoughtful man, Tediús asked her if she would not rest at his home at least until the storm had abated in its fury. Beautiful, suspicious, blue eyes searched his own for any hint of compromise and finding none, dictated their affirmative reply through a bridal veil of tears and rain. Forgetting the goat, Tediús gently led Voluptuous to his home. They settled themselves at a cheery fire, before which Voluptuous innocently spread her outer garments to dry. The poor girl reached for a mug of ale, poised on the mantle. Because of the sudden upward movement and the warmth of the fire, she swooned. Tediús caught her drooping figure and at that moment, Jehu Haystack passed before the window bearing on his shoulders the goat. The simple-minded peasant had ventured into the night with the goat in the earnest hope of a drop and a bite or at least a shilling for his service. But upon seeing the half-dressed form of Voluptuous in Tediús's arms he dropped the goat, which gave a foreboding bleat of doom, and the naïve Jehu ran to the "Pure Woman Inn", where he told an excited tale of what he had seen.

The country folk, for lack of other harmless amusement, immediately staged a mummary ride, in spite of the adverse weather conditions. The procession soon reached Tediús's home where he and the now-recovered Voluptuous were sitting with growing mutual admiration as each told the other

his story from birth to the present. The jeers and shouts drew them to the door. Two effigies bobbed along, tied back to back on a donkey. Voluptuous screamed "Oh my God! Not again", and fled into the night. Tediuz stared in comatose unbelief.

Today if one journeys into the quiet hamlet of Catastra-bridge, not changed by time more than very slightly from the scene of the mummary ride, he may be accosted by a shabbily dressed old man with a twisted face incongruous with the broad forehead who will mumble: "But you see, she only stopped to rest and then fainted"; and then will stumble away reasoning this time to himself with unfailing logic: "But there could be nothing wrong in that, for she only stopped to rest". If the traveler persevere a mile or so beyond the village, in a ditch beside the road he will see a patch quilt of wild flowers with firm, red pedals, not unlike the cheeks of Sessex county girls.

# NIGGER

*By* A. B. Connable, 3rd

They laugh and sneer when you go by and they call you  
“nigger”.

But I have seen your hands of black wrapped in leather and  
pounding in fury on white flesh.

I have seen your tall frame straight and erect over the  
vanquished lying in agony on white canvas.

They call you a rapist and they say you destroy.

But I have seen you create what they cannot.

I have seen you take a fruit from God's nature and produce  
a thousand things.

I have seen you, who did not know your place, take a brush  
and stab a sheet until it was beauty.

They call you ignorant, you who have told of hardships and  
laughed; you, the great philosopher who knows what the  
“blues” means.

You are a poet, and author, a dramatist — but your skin is  
not white.

They say you are poor and they are right.

They say you ought to be poor and I say —

“Watch that colored boy now”.

For there you are high in the air, braving those thousands of  
sneering yellow faces, as you place the ball in the basket.

And there you are out in the green field as the white sphere  
rolls toward you. And no trick of fate can deter it from  
its course into your black hand.

But you are an alien, they say. What did you bring from the  
dark jungles?

And I say you brought all.

You brought your laughter, your ecstatic shout, your incor-  
rigible sense of humor.

And you brought the beat. You brought your throbbing drums.

I see your ebony face amidst smoke and wondrous noise —  
and I am happy for you.

I laugh with you as you stamp your feet and clap your hands.

You have your God, your marijuana, and your horn.

You are a genius.

I have seen your dark fingers move up and down your horn.

And I have heard your music. I have heard you capture the  
frantic rhythms of an age. I have heard you searching  
for an answer. I have heard you protest in loud wails  
and crescendos.

But the chains will not give.

Yet you are not disturbed. You have kept your horn, your  
football, and your paintbrush. You have smiled silently  
at fate.

I saw you walking down the street the other day, your black  
face shining in the sun.

And I looked to the ground and spat on my shadow.

I haven't the courage to be one of you.

# FOUR WALLS AND SEVENTEEN WINDOWS

*By* W. H. Leete

IT SOUNDED so easy. Buy some paint; spread it evenly over those four walls and seventeen windows; and retire to the shore for a glorious vacation on our well-earned money. That was the proposition as it was presented to us in glowing terms, and we jumped at it. Little did we guess, as our family dangled opportunity, knocking violently, beneath our noses, that behind those benevolent smiles there lay cold, calculating minds, busily plotting the difference between a painter's wages of \$2.25 an hour, and the pittance they could palm off on us. However, we had come to appreciate the general, all-round expediency of money, folding and otherwise, and we managed to defeat all evil schemes along that line.

Would we go through it all again if we had a chance? Perhaps; but the next time, before we lifted a brush, we would have a contract signed, sealed, and witnessed by two notaries public, describing in exact detail the amount of work to be done and the shade of paint to be used on every clapboard. In addition, we would demand, from all parties concerned, sworn affidavits that they would not, under any circumstances, alter their present plans in regard to the proposed operations,

on the house in question; or if they did, that they would not express this alteration in plans to any parties at work on the project. Under these conditions, Leete Brothers, painters, would proceed.

The bitter gaining-ground of our experiences was a decrepit structure owned by my grandfather and supervised—for he had rented it to a French-Canadian couple—by my cousins. It was under the supervision of these cousins that we managed to acquire amazing amounts of self-control and obedience. Although we tried to allow as much as possible for the fact that they were school-teachers, there was not a moment when we would not have gladly pushed a can of roof tar off on either of them. They suffered from “house-painter’s bane,” i.e., after thoughts and indecision.

It started with the gutters. We had been working desperately for a week to check the old building’s attempts at disintegration. We had pulled off blinds and pounded in clapboards. We had chipped off paint and put in putty. We were all ready to start the prime coat, when our nemesis approached. She looked the house over critically. “But,” said Cousin M (M for discretion), “what about my gutters? You’ve *got* to paint *them!*” So we painted gutters.

The gutters were conveniently placed just far enough under the eaves so that they couldn’t be seen from the roof, and just far enough out from the eaves so that a ladder from the ground would punch a hole in them. Have you ever cleaned and painted gutters while hanging out into space, with a rope around your middle effectively thwarting all your attempts to breathe? It isn’t fun.

In spite of little incidents like that, we managed to push through to the final coat. We had mixed our “French Gray” paint and had done one side of the house, when Nemesis and sister Nemesis appeared. “Oh!” they exclaimed in a shocked

chorus, "that's much too dark!" We clenched our teeth and kept silent. "This shade would be very nice," said Cousin B. "But that's white," we pointed out. "Oh," she replied, but recovered rapidly. "It's almost gray."

We changed our "French Gray" to a "Steel Gray" and proceeded. This shade proved to be too light.

In rage and desperation, we mixed our two shades together, slapped it on the house, and fled to the shore before anyone could say anything. Our compromise shade of gray, as far as I know, satisfied all parties concerned. Although everybody who has seen the house has said it looks nice, I have not been back to see it since, and I never intend to go back. Somebody might change her mind again.

# ADOLESCENCE

*By* W. J. Kaiser

is a weary age  
which writes illegibly  
across a printed page  
for all to see

is a beaten dog  
limping across the night  
shunning the tossing fog  
feared for its fang'd bite

is a subtle rhyme  
in a clumsy cliché  
worn by disjointed time  
discerned with dismay

is an uncooked pancake

# A JUST REWARD

*By* G. Pond

**F**EW PEOPLE noticed Al Wingate at Stanford. He was a harmless little runt. He spent most of his free time at the library, drinking in the great literature of Plato and those others. Oh, sure, some fellows knew him, but they never had much truck with Al. As I say, he was the kind of guy you saw once and soon forgot. He wasn't much in height and probably 10 pounds underweight. He walked along like a person half in a dream. The men in our dorm called him "Bumpy," that is when they had occasion to speak to him, because as he shuffled along he'd hang his head and as a consequence never saw something until he'd bumped into it. Well, odd as he seemed, he did pretty well at the old Alma Mater: made the Dean's List all of the three years he was there. Yes, sir; this guy with the "head-in-a-cloud" manner really was a brain. Wasn't bad at some other things, either. Now mind you, I said he looked sort of feeble; but, would you believe it, he went out and made the wrestling team? Never talked to anybody out there. He'd just step out on the mat wearing a funny kind of fiendish grin and mangle the other guy. Went undefeated for two years. He really was a queer one, though. I came in to the dorm one day after class and saw Al groping for something in the path out front. I

paused at the doorway to watch him, 'cause I always got a kick out of just looking at the guy. He generally looked so stupid that I couldn't help but laugh. He picked up a stone and threw it hard at a little squirrel and clipped the poor thing square on the head — killed it dead as a doornail. He smiled that funny grin and went inside. Another time, I went into his room to find out an assignment, and there was this jerk flinging darts at a live canary loose in the room. I couldn't help getting hot at that and busted him one in the face. God knows, a guy like that deserved it.

That was in 1941, November to be exact. You know what happened a little while later — Pearl Harbor. I got my notice the same day as Al, in mid-January of '42. I went through boot camp at Fort Baxter, and after a few months I was sent to the East coast. I stayed in the states for a year and finally our outfit headed for England. Then came the invasion, and we fought across France until the Bulge. Man, those Nazis pushed us around then. Their damn Panzers roared through like sixty; they shoved us back fifty miles at least. A lot of holes got put in our battalion, and reserves had to be brought up to fill in. I stood at mess one night waiting for some of the slop they give in the field. We could eat fairly normally, now that the weather had cleared and the planes were bombing the Germans back again. I was hungrier 'n hell, and some jerk in front of me was plodding along in line not seeming to know there was food ahead. I jabbed him in the butt with my fork and he looked back; not mad, just wondering what was coming off, kinda. Well, damn if it wasn't a new guy, and of all people, Al. He nodded in a dreamy way and turned away. I figured we'd had enough bad luck and this was too damn much.

As we ate, some prisoners were brought in and put in a wire stockade. They were the first we'd taken, so I walked

over to look at 'em. Al was right next to the wire, and he had that funny grin on his kisser. That night, some guy they couldn't catch lobbed a grenade into the stockade and killed three of the prisoners. We started moving ahead early that night and dug in a couple miles farther than where we'd been. The action was pretty rough for the next few days. The Germans were thick as ants. We lost a lot to their mortars, and something about them had to be done if we wanted to go any farther. Volunteers were called to infiltrate the Kraut lines and knock off those mortars. Our big guns couldn't get them 'cause they kept moving the lousy things. I volunteered, and sure enough, Al got to go too. If he could fight like he wrestled, I figured he'd be a good addition to our group. It was around two a. m., and a full moon lit the place up pretty much; but we had to get our job done and couldn't wait for a dark night.

Our boys started up some rifle fire to the right, and we managed to crawl on our bellies past a group of pines while the Nazis were busy shooting back. Then, our own mortars started blasting away to our left. Pretty soon the Germans opened up their *stove pipes* and we got a pretty good sight on their position. There were six of us until Jonesy got spotted as we crossed a clearing. He got it real quick, and so did two others. Al, a lieutenant in charge and I, kept on running and somehow got within view of the mortars. They were tucked away in a grove of fir trees. There were two of them with six soldiers, four firing and loading, and two looking through range finders. We crept around in back of them, and when the lieutenant said the word, we all chucked grenades. Three of 'em got knocked off right away, but the others took cover. One shot at me, and I shot back at the flash and saw him fall out into the light. I musta killed him right off. The lieutenant crawled off about ten yards and lit a long-fused flair, the

signal for our men that the mortars were gone. As it went off, a whole pile of shots sounded, and we knew our buddies were on the way. We still were in a hole of our own, though. Al spotted a Kraut running to get in back of us and polished him off clean. I couldn't see him, but I knew that smile was there. Suddenly, a machine gun started chattering at us, and I knew we had some company we didn't want. The loogie got hit in the arm and couldn't help much after that. He threw some grenades with his other arm, but his aim was off, and they didn't do much good. We had to get that gun if we wanted to live long. All of a sudden, Al jumped off and ran like crazy right through the light patch of ground at the gun, shooting all the time. I tried covering him, but couldn't see too much. I heard screams and shouts and musta forgot myself, because I ran like hell towards the nest too. The noises stopped, so I slowed down and crawled forward. In case they'd gotten Al, I figured they'd be waiting for someone else. I inched up slow for about fifteen yards until I could see the nest clear as hell. There was a guy wandering around kicking at a lot of still bodies. One figure groaned in pain and started to get to his feet. The guy wandering around pushed him down again and put a bullet through the poor jerk's head. My stomach got all knotted up. I guess I felt sick. The guy — yeah, Al — prodded another body. It moved and muttered a bubbling sound. Al shot him in the head. I screamed and ran up to him; he turned and I saw that fiendish grin for the last time. I put a bullet between his eyes. I felt dizzy, and the last thing I remember was the loogie grabbing my arm, cursing.

Well, buddy, it's getting sort of late now. I think I'll rack in. I guess I oughta look fresh and clean when they hang me tomorrow. I killed a hero, you know.

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ABSTRACTION	<i>I. Chermayeff</i>
PIERROT	<i>C. F. Flynn</i>

*The end pieces were drawn by C. F. Flynn.*

# THE MIRROR

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# IN SEARCH OF SPLENDOR

*By* N. R. Rolde

**I**T MIGHT HAVE BEEN a bright April day anywhere. Sunlight beamed down on the dusty streets, glancing in flashing patches from bits of broken glass in the gutters. The stucco walls of the buildings gleamed white. Green-leaved trees swayed listlessly in a warm, gentle wind. But no birds were chirping! Instead, the unmusical coughing of machine guns, the grating noise striking the eardrums like the sound of a stick scraping along a picket fence. And the beautiful panorama of evenly-spaced white houses sloping gracefully down to a river's edge was broken by the harsh billows of black smoke, rising from a burning farmhouse.

The wounded had been left in the courthouse, in the center of town. They were all in the main courtroom, suffering soundlessly under the watchful protection of the legal system's famed instruments, the jury box, the witness stand, the judge's pulpit.

Useless warriors, now defendants, being forced to face their silent inquisitors, each one answering, in his own way, questions about the part he played in that greatest of crimes against humanity, war. Your witness, Mr. Prosecutor; your witness, Counsel for the defense. Back and forth, question, counter-question, debate, rebuttal, each man weighing and

measuring the enormity of his crimes in the moments that remained.

They had been placed side by side, backs against the wall, around the room, forming a weak, corroding chain. Those who had been hit in the stomach lay with their legs stretched feebly in front of them. The men who had been hit in the legs lay on their sides, their weight resting on the undamaged limb.

Two men with leg wounds sat at a table in the center of the room, playing chess, concentrating calmly, the movement of each pawn shutting out from their minds the staccato rattle of machine-guns firing on the outskirts of town.

Norman Rice was propped up on his elbows. The bullet hole in his thigh had stopped throbbing and his head was beginning to clear. From where he was sitting, he could see out the window on the opposite side of the courtroom. He saw the black smoke rising and wondered if it was one of those picturesque little cottages he had passed just this morning when they had carried him back from the olive grove into town. It was funny, the things you noticed sometimes. Every detail of that foolish cottage had stuck in his mind at a time when the agony from his thigh made every other image a distorted blank. He tried to form the picture in his mind again, but the corrugated, orange roof and the stucco walls evaporated into one thought, coursing unceasingly through his brain, *perfect travel folder material, perfect travel folder material . . . . .* It was his thigh throbbing again. *Perfect travel folder material, perfect travel folder material* whirled dizzily around the inside of his head.

And then it was all right again. He could see the icy clearness of the windowpanes across the room and his mind relaxed. He looked around, at the men beside him, at the men across the room, at the men playing chess.

Borscheter, he thought, that God-damned Russian and his God-damned chess. That big hunk of oversized brutality with his clear, organized chess mind. That calculating, inscrutable automaton who lived only for chess and for killing.

On his left sat De Vallos, a boy of nineteen. De Vallos was afraid, plainly and unashamedly afraid, softly whimpering and fingering the beads of his rosary, saying Hail Mary and Our Father and whatever else Catholics say when Death is approaching.

Castillez was on his right, utterly speechless for the first time in his life. The cheerful, voluble, ex-clerk, who had left the security of a wife and baby daughter to come battle for the ideals of a finer world. Where could he find those ideals now, in this room full of sullen, bitter men? A man whose optimism had never failed before, now finding disillusionment in his final hour, a disillusionment harder to take than Death itself.

Norman Rice reflected on each of the men he had known. These hard yet human creatures, he had fought, laughed and cried with. And yet, it seemed to him he had never known them at all. Borschter, De Vallos, Castillez, Carmen, Pichorek . . . . . he had never become one of them. They had tolerated him, always been civil to him, and had almost treated him as a comrade. But that was it: almost. Never completely.

But could you really completely be part of something? There was always that air of frigid reserve that kept man from being integrated with man. "No man is an island." He remembered John Donne. But Donne was wrong. Every man is an island, a separate piece of territory never joined with another to form a mainland, to form a solid, tangible quality known as unity. Borschter was isolated, De Vallos was isolated, Castillez was isolated. It was impossible to form a whole. Man lived within himself and only allowed the flot-

sam of human relationship to sift through the barrier of his ego, carefully disorganizing it into lumps of nothingness, capable of feeding the fires of self-satisfaction, yet unable to raise the standard of self-improvement. Why does man have to be so remote, so unwilling to give of himself to his fellow man, and to glean from that relationship, something finer, something more worthwhile than the paltry inflation of the ego now so highly desired.

All this passed through Norman Rice's mind as he lay on the hard wooden floor and contemplated seventy-five weary, begrimed soldiers who in less than three hours would be dead.

The doors of the courtroom opened and Lieutenant Pinchado walked in. He stood by the doorway, looking very correct and military with his stiff boots and tight-clinging breeches. In his impersonal, toneless voice, he addressed the men.

"Our forces are falling back to prepare positions behind the town. The enemy will be here in two hours. You men have done a fine job. We will not forget you. Good luck."

He raised his arm in the clenched fist salute and left the room. The men gazed impassively after him as he walked through the door behind which lay April sunshine and the pulsating energy of promised life.

"He sounded like a bulletin," Norman said to Castillez, "like an official communiqué."

"He sounded like —," said Castillez.

The thigh began throbbing again and Norman gave in, sinking into that whirling mire of half-consciousness with a procession of illogical words and expressions continually jabbing into his brain.

He came out of it slowly, the last expression still clinging to his mind. For some reason, he could think only two

words, a stock phrase gleaned from the harvest of terms showered upon him in a prep school English course . . . . . *Vicarious Experience* . . . . . The two words ran through his mind. He pondered over the phrase, repeating it soundlessly again and again, and as his mind cleared, he fitted it into a pattern, the pattern that had been his life.

*Vicarious experience.* He had been running away from it all his life, fruitlessly trying to shake the stigma of being merely an observer, but to no avail. He had forsaken his books, plunged into things with passionate zeal in an overstrained effort to become part of something, to fit into a way of life. But he was always left watching the parade pass by, unable to join, unwanted, always resorting to using vicarious fragments to create an entire picture. He had lived only with in his own imagination. His writing was flat and toneless, merely a record of life as he wished to see it, life fashioned by his imagination into a supposedly tangible, solid substance which did not exist for him, a life which he could never know and never really write about. He had tried everything and still this meaningless, unsatisfying existence had continued.

In desperation, he had turned to action, to the process of expressing himself in terms of benefitting others, by means of violence and self-sacrifice. He had resolved to give himself up to a "cause," to offer himself to suffering mankind so that they might step up over his broken body on their way to a higher destiny. And this, he had felt, would give meaning to the mass of organism called Norman Rice. This would raise him above the common level of businessman, actor, doctor, and lawyer, who lived in ruts, followed out dreary existences and then perished, proving nothing.

And in action, he would be able to live, to become a part of things. They would welcome him as a comrade, as a brother-fighter in the crusade for man's ideals, as a fellow

champion of the higher meanings in life.

But he didn't have the courage to reflect on the disillusionments that had followed, one after another.

He looked at Borschter coolly contemplating the next move of his Queen. He's come a long way too, Norman thought. Revenge. It can drive a man to great lengths sometimes. A life of killing, of unrelenting bloodshed, wandering from place to place with the one goal of destruction, until the original object had been forgotten and the killing had become a habit.

He tried to imagine a frosty evening years ago when Borschter, a lad of seventeen, had come home from a holiday in Kiew to find the charred remains of his parents among the ruins of his home, and to find his sister gone, kidnapped to serve as an instrument of pleasure for the White officers. And then images of an older Borschter, fighting with the Red army, driving the armies of Deniken and Petlura from Russian soil, pictures of him smashing a prisoner's face to jelly with his rifle butt, of him bayoneting helpless wounded in the Chinese Revolution of '27, and the more recent one of him machine-gunning five enemy soldiers who had crossed the lines to surrender. Borschter killing, burning, torturing, seeking his escape from vicarious living by becoming a part of Death itself.

And there was De Vallos, nineteen years old, who had signed up because his friends had and because his girl liked the color of his skin against khaki. He was one of the misfits, neither a fanatic nor an escapist. He had fallen in by accident, indifferent, believing in nothing, lying on a hard floor with a bullet in his belly because he'd always done what he'd been told and had always kept his mind a blank, letting the influence of others be his guide. A tragic case. He had no right to be here.

Castillez was different, a believer, a man of ideals who had spurned materialistic satisfaction for the life of a martyr. Here was Castillez, never failing Castillez, who had smiled even when their own planes had bombed them, who had never lost heart during the endless retreats, the overwhelming odds. And now he was bitter, lying here ready to die, and the disillusionment on his face hurt, because he was the only believer Norman had met.

The rumbling of tank treads crashing against cobblestones became audible and the sounds drew nearer and nearer.

"It's them," someone cried, "they're in the outskirts."

"That bastard, Pinchado. He said two hours," said Castillez.

Norman ran his hand along the side of his face, a nervous gesture.

So this is it. Christ, I need a shave. It seemed he always needed a shave, since the first time when he was thirteen, he had been dogged by that blue-black foliage which no amount of scraping seemed to efficiently eradicate. Christ, I wish I had my razor.

The rumblings became louder and louder until they sounded in the next street.

Norman stopped stroking his cheek. He could feel his heart beating and he began to whistle softly to himself, in a vain attempt to shut out the sound of Death as it came marching up the street.

# PHAEDRA

*By* R. Blum, Jr.

I am afraid.  
No longer have I the strength  
To flee this bitter net  
My heart has laid.  
I am followed always  
By thin-lipped fear,  
Cold, merciless.  
I must escape  
Before my secret is found out  
And I am caught and broken  
On the rack of common talk.  
Where can I turn?  
There is no way,  
No escape.  
Then I must wander  
Through this endless night,  
Alone  
But for a hopeless dream,  
Searching always for the wall  
Where I may rest  
And spread my heart to dry.  
I am weary

Of this world of second thoughts.  
The stories learned from men  
Terrify me.  
Soon, my life will be told  
Among their tales.

*my hair is golden  
and still I weep*

For even now,  
There is no mossy bed  
To silence the echo  
Of the walls

*the nights so dark  
so lonely deep*

Hold me in your arms  
But come not near.  
Caress my body  
With your eyes  
And love me always,  
But never dare  
To cross the moment  
That divides us.

# FETCHING MILK

*By* P. L. B. Sourian

SOMETIMES, sitting crouched up on the window sill, I look outdoors at the small children playing tag and long for a quiet restful feeling, one of endless summer, of lazy bones a sittin' in the sun and never getting his day's work done. That instead of the trumpet call of dramatic events. Just once in a while . . .

I think that everyone has somewhere in his mind, full of countless important things, a little room with no walls, and in it some pleasant memory, very unimportant, which plays itself over at the strangest times.

This unbreakable, long-playing record is for me a hazy recollection of walking over a hill on late summer afternoons to fetch the milk. No sound but the peacefull clank — clank of two empty milk pails, dogs barking from far away, and our own two small-boys' voices. The sweet smell of haylofts, of dark damp horsestalls, and of a cool whitewashed milk house and warm milk. The taste of little stolen sickle pears. The sunset which we never saw.

We'd be playing blacksmith among the pines or dynamiting enemy fortifications under the cherry tree with firecrackers carefully saved in little matchboxes from Fourth of July. Then, always at the same time of day, the inevitable

voice . . . “Peter and Bernard, time to fetch the milk.” “What d’jou say, Ma?” “I said the miiilllk!” After delaying as long as we could, we’d shake the dust off of our overalls, walk up the shady stone-floored back porch, have a dipper full of cool well-water from the bucket that stood by the door (Gee, but it tasted good down our little throats), get the two battered milk pails, and walk off very slowly along the dirt road, past the duck pond and the big willow tree. We made whistles out of green willow twigs. Then across the meadow path, picking red blackberries and making funny faces at their taste, up the very steep hill, stopping at the top to rest.

Then we went on, ignored the purple mountains in the distance and concentrated on hitting trees with little stones. I wasn’t very good. My oldest brother was building a cabin up there (the view was supposed to be good). We stopped to watch. “Mom wants you to get the milk, doesn’t she? WELL, get going!” (He never let us get in the way.) *We* were too young. Just because *he* was almost out of high school. He liked girls, and we hated them. He was crazy about things like that. He’d been working at Saunder’s that day and was pretty cross. They had just finished pitching hay and now it was going to rain. Old Saunders was a funny guy, but he always gave us something to eat when we went up there. He had a wife who was all the way from Texas, but she died, and now he called one of his dogs Tex. Poor dog, named after a woman.

As soon as we got to Martines’ house we raced up their lawn and dove for the hammock. They had boarders for the summer, and sometimes they really acted dumb. Once one of them walked around up in the hayloft and fell through a rotten board and broke his leg, and Bob had to call a doctor from Urlton way past Potter creek where we went swimming.

They sure caused a lot of trouble for Bob, who was trying to run a farm, but Mrs. Bob insisted on having them, and she was really boss since her first husband had died a long time ago and left it to her. And then she married poor Bob. Boy, was he ever a sucker.

Then we went over to the barn. It had just been painted red and we liked it that way a lot, but my oldest brother said it was a corny color or something. They had an orange tractor, too, and Bernard always said he could drive it, but I never really believed him until one day he tried to show me and it almost ran over a boarder with him on it until Bob caught up with it. Bernard was going to teach me some day, but when we got home that night we both got a good licking and never tried it again.

We went over to the pigsty back of the barn and watched the pigs eating for a while. I was always a little bit afraid of the old sow and the way she grunted. Bob still hadn't finished dinner. So we went up to the house to sit in the kitchen and wait for him. I always liked their kitchen, because it had electric lights and running water (even if it didn't taste so good as ours, you didn't have to lug it up from the well).

Bob was through eating. He was just standing over the kitchen table, dictating a letter to his wife. He couldn't write. He had a patch over one eye, and no one knew where he got it from. Mrs. Bob snapped, "Now you two young brats sit over there and shut up a minute." Bob just smiled his funny smile. It seemed that the horse he had gotten that week in place of his old mare, wasn't even harness broke, and he was writing to ask them to send him a new horse or something. His wife kept telling him to say he'd sue 'em if they didn't do him right. What a woman.

Finally he finished and we walked down to the barn with him. While he was milking the cows, we played a little

tag up on the hayloft.

That was an awfully simple thing, just fetching the milk every afternoon. Still, we used to have as much fun as we ever will, I guess. It's even fun to remember.

Then we'd walk home, dilly-dallying, throwing stones at trees and telling dirty jokes . . . We'd hang one milk pail in the well to cool and go up to supper on the back porch. Cold cuts and potato salad. Milk, hot rolls with butter and jam.

I wish I were there now.

## DIRGIBLE

*By* R. W. Boeth

I think that I would like to go  
Someplace in a dirgible —  
Railroad trains all masticate  
And cars make me regurgible.  
I'm sure that sailing in the blue  
I'd be to write a dirge able.

# THE WORM

*By* F. H. Burrell

**L**UMBRICUS TERRESTRIS is a worm that enjoys night life. Lumbricus terrestris No. 238 (known to me as George Belinda) awakens, stretches, inserts false teeth,<sup>1</sup> grasps the door jamb of his/her little hole with his tail<sup>2</sup> and spying a choice leaf of the Punica Granatum, stretches himself to a great length and, grasping it, pulls it below the surface. This is the accepted method by which worm No. 238 wins his Punica Granatum.

Let us continue our journey through the earth with George Belinda. George is 3 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, weighs .9155 grams and if placed end to end forms a circle. It is obvious to those in the know that George B. is overweight.<sup>3</sup> (He is trying the Ry-Krisp method.) Worms in general swallow their own weight in earth every twenty four hours. This couldn't do him much good, however, because Chinamen eat clay and birds' nests and they're still starving. The earthworm, Lumbricus terrestris, rainworm, night crawler, angleworm, orchardworm and night lion (other names in other regions) is not noted for his mental coordination and intelligence. George is an Odd Fellow,<sup>4</sup> owns his house, and is a Republican. He does not smoke, drink, or swear and is trying to lose weight, as I said. (You can't hold this against him

too much anyway.)

Earthworms are hermaphrodites.<sup>5</sup> They take turns being the momma and pappa, but can't be both at the same time. A mother would have trouble both having little ones and pacing the floor at the same time. What is perhaps more amazing<sup>6</sup> is the fact that they lay eggs with little worms inside.<sup>7</sup> Contrary to popular opinion, worms do not become twice as many when you cut them in half lengthwise.<sup>8</sup> I have been asked if worms multiply fast like rabbits. They do it fast, but not like rabbits.

Earthworms are very important to us because they cultivate the soil. Charles Darwin is reported to have once said: "O *Helodrilus foetidus*, it may be doubted whether there are many animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as you lowly organized creatures."<sup>9</sup>

Big, red worms are best for fishing.

1. Worms do not have teeth.
2. A worm is almost all tail, so this is a fine distinction.
3. Most worms weigh .9145 grams.
4. (!)
5. I can say this without boasting.
6. Now, what could be more amazing?
7. Which came first: the worm or the egg?
8. They just die.
9. This sounds just like Chas.

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# NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1948

*By* W. J. Kaiser

in the hollow quiet of this night  
tightly clasp'd by jagged starpoints  
through the lonely dark among gaunt treeshadows  
I walk  
into the soft compassion of blue snow

and as from across the hill  
brittle bells shatter the morning  
it is as though one turning  
had found the distantdim streetlight  
marking the beginning of time  
burnt out

# DOWN STREET

*By* E. Cummings

THE FELLOWS in my town had a meeting place summer evenings. About seven-thirty we'd get together in front of Doc Hatley's Soda and Coffee Shop, where the bus stops. I guess the idea was to shoot the bull some and see if a big deal was coming off that night. You see, there wasn't much to speak of in the way of girls around home, and we had to go to Cannon or Mooresville to get real loving. Not that all of us had dates every night; some fellows, like Morrow and Bub, just went down street because they didn't have anything else to do. When the others left, they'd go up the stairs on the outside of Hatley's and play poker in the empty room up there.

The town is strung along the Mooresville highway, and all the stores are on one side of the street. Hatley's is the only place that stays open at night, and it has a juke box that works most of the time. It has a neon sign in front, and the town's only traffic light is just a little way down the street. I reckon the reason we used to hang out there is that we could thumb a ride easy, standing out front.

The last time I ever went down street and felt happy about it was a Saturday night last July. After supper I combed my hair with tonic, and put on a pair of pegged pants

and a classy sport shirt. I walked across the yard to Morrow's house, and we went up town together. Coming around the turn by the gas station, I saw a mess of fellows were already down street. They were leaning on Bub Cashion's little blue Ford: Whitey, Homer, and a couple of others.

"Con! Datin' June tonight?"

"Why sho, much good lovin'," I said. "How y'all, Bub?"

Bub stuck his poker face out the window of his beat-up coupe. "Pretty good, Con. Right doggy shirt you got. Seen Hoke?"

I liked Bub as well as any of them. He wasn't any sheik, like Homer, but he was a real gone guy, and he could jitter-bug better than any knocker I've seen since. His big trouble was that he wasn't very sure of himself. I'd been pestering him to go with us to Mooresville, and after putting it off some, he agreed to go that night. I knew that once he started dating up there he'd keep going with us. We stood out in the street that smelt like cars, and talked about cars, and women, and how Hoke had taken a big pot that afternoon with a pair of fours, bluffing. Whitey and Deacon were thumbing to Cannon. A Chrysler convertible passed, and there were two girls in it, really built. We yelled, "Hello, Babe!" and, believe it or not, they stopped for Whitey and Deacon.

We smoked and bulled some more, and the sun went down behind the church across the street. Then it got really dark, and we went into Hatley's and drank cokes and played the song "Good Rockin' Tonight" on the juke box. While we were inside we heard tires screech, and through the plate glass window we saw a forty-one Buick turn right around in the road, on two wheels. It was Hoke.

He parked his car and crossed the street. Hoke was a big-time operator, about six-foot-four and blond. His old man

ran a lumber mill. Kiddy, that fellow was a crazy fool about driving! I don't blame anybody for making a car like his get down and go. We all used to race and run our cars like mad. But as for purposely skidding around a corner, no one but Hoke would try something like that.

Well, we all went out to meet Hoke, and then Homer, Bub, and I got in the Buick. Whale Ives was already in there. We did the seven miles to Mooresville in five minutes, and they let me off at June's. After a while, June and I went up to the Keen-Teen Club and found the boys already there. They had picked up three reet women and were jitterbugging in the middle of the floor, with all the Mooresville stupes watching.

I was right about Bub Cashion, and feeling glad I'd made him come with us. Kiddy, you could have watched him dance for hours. He was cooking on the front burner that night, with his shirt sleeves rolled up and a cigarette stuck in his bored-looking face. He stepped lazy-like, but the babe he was with was gasping. Everybody else started clapping for him, and the juke box shouted, "Oh, Oh, Oh, there'll be good rockin' tonight, so hol' yo' baby tight!" Kiddy, that kind of jive does stuff to you. I knew right then something crazy was going to come off.

Well, later on, Hoke and the others left with their girls. They said they were going to drive around the country some. I went over to June's house, spent an hour, then got out on the highway and caught a ride home with a state cop I knew. He let me off at Hatley's, and I thanked him and walked over to where some of the guys, Skinny, Smith, and Morrow, were standing around.

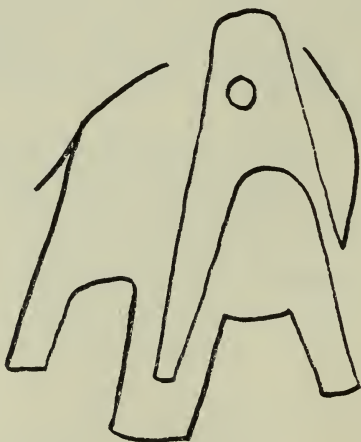
I asked them if they'd seen Hoke's car go by, and just then it did go by, with Bub and a girl waving in the back window, and Hoke laughing; and then something funny

happened, and the Buick, with eight people in it, jumped the road and piled into a big oak in the churchyard. We ran across the road to the car and got everyone out. After that I went back into Hatley's and called an ambulance for two of the girls and Whale. Bub was dead.

The funeral was two days later. After he was buried, some of the fellows stood around outside Hatley's. I went down street out of habit and smoked a cigarette. Morrow said he'd been down to see Whale in the hospital. "He was pretty bad off."

Whitey said, "See y'all. I'm getting some hot stuff to-night." Nobody laughed or even cracked a smile.

He walked off with Smith, and pretty soon everybody had left but Morrow and myself. We smoked for another five minutes or so, and then walked home. I didn't go down street after that for a long time.



# PSYCHIATRISM

*By* P. L. Gray

“Now, if you’ll just lie down over there; and don’t feel you have to say anything if you can’t think of anything to say.”

These were the most reassuring words I had heard in weeks. For some time I had been suffering from insomnia and had been alternately sweating and shivering most of each night. Finally, taking my courage in both my hands, I made an appointment to see a psychiatrist who is too famous to need mention here.

My first audience was eminently successful. Dr. G’s words had a soothing effect on me, and I fell asleep almost instantly: the first decent sleep I’d had in weeks.

A few days later I got a bill for \$25.00 and a card announcing the day and time of my next hearing. This proof that the doctor considered my case worth taking was too good to keep to myself, and over our nightly cup of coffee I duly relayed it to Charlie Flynn, who was properly elated.

The need for advice was forcefully driven home to me again that night when I was unable to get to sleep until after one.

The second seance was fully as successful as the first had been, if not as relaxing. I regaled my savior-to-be with

as many childhood anecdotes as I could remember. Little was made of the fact that I had once been fond of bouncing up and down on my head, but my benefactor displayed an intense interest when I told him we had once fed one of our dogs on pabulum.

"That explains your hatred of dogs," he exclaimed. "You were probably fed on pabulum yourself, as it is a very common baby food, and you were afraid that the dog would take your food and leave you starving."

"But I still have never hated dogs."

"You mean you didn't realize that you did."

The impact of these words struck me right in the face, which was very rude. The room started spinning, and I could hear a snatch of that mysterious song I had never been quite able to place.

"That," he continued, "has robbed you of the sense of security you would have otherwise gotten from your home and made your whole home life a bitter mockery."

"Do you mean that that has been the basis of my trouble?"

"Oh, my goodness, no! That is just an interesting sidelight. We never get to the basis of the trouble in the second interview. There will have to be at least six more, fee payable in advance."

I left with a light heart having made an appointment for the following Thursday at a time which would insure an athletic excuse.

Thursday's rain must have been an evil omen, for my cure progressed no farther (although we did have a lively discussion of various old schools with various new head masters).

Charlie Flynn was inclined to look askance at the whole matter and boorishly hinted that the doctor could help me

much more quickly if he were doing it for nothing. I graciously overlooked the hint, but I couldn't help thinking about the stitch in time.

After more than a month of fruitless sessions, however, my confidence was beginning to be just a little shaken; and Charlie, who has always been a brick underneath, said he felt sure that the trial hypnosis that had been promised for next time would work wonders, and he wished he could be there. I was sorry to make him miss such a tantalizing opportunity, but his powerful brain might have ruined everything inadvertantly, and I should have *died* if that had happened.

Meanwhile, because of worry and lack of sleep, I had many subjects slump disastrously, as anyone who wants to look up my mid-term marks can varify. Dr. Grew had grown more and more exultant as my French marks went lower and lower, and Mr. Harding had refused to have tea with me at social track (which I think was rather mean of him, as it was his fault that I went out for the darn sport in the first place). I was in a truly pitiful position, and I didn't know what to do about it. I could only hope that the hypnosis would be a success.

It was the night before it was to take place that I had that fateful dream.

It started with a few bars of the song. For some reason I was going to visit an old lady who lived in a house on a hill. I saw her in the parlor surrounded by ghastly victorian furniture; and, when I asked her why I was there, she merely laughed and looked significantly at the wall, and then I saw it, that dreadful seascape in the heavy gilt frame. I realized then what the song was. It was the *Roaring of the Waves*.

I was faintly concious, then, of people in my room and of being carried to the Infirmary. (I hope they put my bath-

robe on me, as I don't wear pajamas.) After an eternity, I heard some one muttering something about his being too far gone to squeeze any more money out of him, so they might as well cure him now, and saw Dr. G. bending over me.

I told him then the day when, as a small boy, I had locked myself in my grandmother's attic with the seascape. There had been no one in the house to hear my terrified screams, and, when my grandmother got home, I was lying on the floor in a trance.

"The reason for your insomnia and perspiration," the doctor told me, "is obviously fear that the seascape would creep up on you in the dark but you needn't worry, it isn't real and can't possibly hurt you. As a counteraction, I suggest that you read *Search for the Real*—a new book on the work of Hans Hofmann on sale at the Addison Gallery, \$4.50, \$2.50 to students and faculty.

"There's just one more thing: it might be a good idea if you gave up drinking coffee at night and opened your window just before you go to bed. Goodbye, I hope to see you again soon."

It was with a song in my heart that I dashed over to tell Charlie the good news. At least I was free from the spectre that had haunted me all my life. Charlie, however, merely shook his head and said that I had converted him to Christian Science.

# THE CLOCK

*By* C. F. Flynn

I HAVE A CLOCK. It is a good clock, a fine old clock. It runs a little slow and stops altogether when it is raining, but other than that is it a dependable clock. The man who repaired it said its works were very fine brass works, not like the ones they put in new clocks. He even offered me twenty-five dollars for it. When I first got it, I removed its worn coat of marbled black and found a pine case underneath, most handsome. Its white face, accentuated by the shiny brass and gilt decorations and the black case, is printed in large Roman numerals which I am able to read from anywhere in my room.

The man who sold it to me was a very fine man, too. Very much like the clock was he, only he died. You had to wind him once a week and he would sound off every hour on the hour, and on the half if you asked him. He was a towny of long standing and could entertain me with his early lore of the Academy. He ran a cavernous second-hand shop just off the campus, a shop that was well known to the academy boys. It was Pop's place the boys bought their furniture when they started the school year. Prices were high in September, but you were full of fun and good will and a couple of extra dollars would see two more cushions or a fire screen. You

knew things weren't worth nearly what you paid for them, but it didn't matter: your allowance was fresh and your coffers full. In June you would sell all your goods to him for his first offer. Hard times in June for all. When you bought your andirons, they had been used by the football captain the year before; and when you sold them, they were something contemptible you must have brought from home, because Pop surely had never seen that particular set before.

When Pop died, I was home on vacation, and when I returned, I was surprised to see a red flag outside his shop. The auction went slowly and foolish prices were bid and accepted for everything. Pop would have burned most of the things before he would have sold them for what they got at the auction. It took two days to get rid of the barn-full of furniture, broken clocks, stained glass windows, pewter plates, and Grecian statue casts Pop had collected. It was an unsuccessful auction, with some pieces going by the board, not even raising a bid.

The day after the auction I went by the house in the rain and someone had knocked down Pop's sign advertising antiques in big clumsy lettering on a withered board. It lay soaking up the rain it knew it would lose the next sunny day. The letters ran together in a stream of water and the board seemed to swim to its old place on the barn wall. I remembered Pop sitting in the sun underneath it, looking over the clock I had brought out of the barn for his appraisal. I was younger then, and I was enchanted by this patriarch. I went to browse just to have some excuse to talk with him. He bickered about a few cents infrequently and more infrequently would pull his ancient self from his hugging chair and creakingly look for something in the barn for you; that is, if he didn't know you or trust you.

The day I bought the clock I had been prying into every-

thing. I had found an album of broken records and an orate toidy seat, neither of which I could use. Under a table and two over-turned chairs, I had found the clock. It was handsome and nicely proportioned, but it didn't work. I took it to Pop to see how much he was going to get out of me for it. His Roman-numeralled eyes looked through brass rimmed glasses and his heart beat slowly under his ancient black coat. Finally he appraised me for two-fifty. Two-fifty! I was amazed and had a useless clock.

Pop was the first person I ever know who died. He certainly seemed old enough to me and he looked as though he ought to have blown away a long while before I had met him. I imagined, however, he would exist eternally. To me, then, an eternity was the three years between me and my graduation. He maybe was a little slow and stopped altogether when it rained, but he was a fine old man, a good man.

# GROWING DOWN

*By* P. L. B. Sourian

Once upon a time there was a boy.

When he was just born he didn't spend much time worrying about fifty-seven different things at once (he was too dumb? for that)

His opinions on the state of the union, birth control, oleum pergamorpheum (they'd spike his orange juice with it every once in a while) were expressed in simple one-syllable expressions such as

blug glub burp gook awwwwww

and so on

When he was five years old, he came home from Sunday School one morning and told his father that

There was a dead skunk in

Church

This morning

And so

The man said

There is a dead skunk in the house of God or sumpin let us all go home and pray but all the boys went out and prayed ball instead and no one was left in

Church

but the

Skunk. Wasn't that funny?  
 But his father didn't think so.  
 When he was ten years old  
 We went on a trip to  
 To China town  
 In fifth grade  
 Gosh  
 Miss  
 Smith  
 What's that in the window?  
 When we went into the restaurant, Beresford James said  
 they  
 would feed us SHARRK'S fins and  
 If we didn't eatem They'd  
 KIDNAPIS  
 Ogee  
 But they really gave us chop suey  
 Oboy  
 And the man there was very nice he had a funny name  
 Ohek  
 When he was fifteen the way he acted would have  
 seemed silly when he was younger. He sure was complicated.  
 O you angry infinitesimal little tiny particle of  
 Sex  
 Gosh darn it (God damn it)  
 Sitting up there on my kitchen self  
 In a bottle made of impenetrable Sexi-glass  
 Why do you basterio-illogically warfare  
 Me?  
 Why do you you you you you YOU O you O YOU . . . !  
 Well, anyway, since time sidles silently  
 Past Purple Pockets (boy dja get that alliteration!)  
 Of eternity—eternally . . .

What difference does it make?

By this time he was really on the road towards growing down.

When he was twenty

He loved to act arty and look dramatic

What a intelleftual (communist)

Everything from starving in a garret to "drinking an adequate little red wine at ninety cents a quart no gallon I guess it is."

His famous last words were,

I'm a poet but nobody seems to know it.



# PARADISE RELOST

*By* R. W. Boeth

**H**OMER SEEDWEEDY stepped lightly from the train and waved a careless farewell to his amis du voyage. They mooed. Homer was tense with the excitement which always comes with the first glimpse of the mystic Oriental beauty of the Bowery. Etched against the sky were the delicate pastel shades of long underwear hung out to dry, and the faint, elusive odor of wayfaring dogs hung on the gentle twilight gale.

Against this haunting background, Homer set up house-keeping. But, a pale, undernourished individual of about thirty, he soon fell prey to the winsome wooing of the radio, and in four days sent in every dollar he owned to station WRKO. It seemed that four times an hour came his last chance to send in for such peerless objects as laundry tags that glowed in the dark, and, best of all, bathing suits that stay on underwater. Like Magellan, Homer was in dire straits. He had even been forced to hock his television set. There was no doubt about it: Homer Seedweedy was wasting his substance in riotous living. He couldn't rise up either, for his father had died several years ago. Homer would take a job, that's what he would do. It would have to be as a secretary, but Homer didn't mind. Anyway, punching a type-

writer wasn't so bad; he had always liked to work with his fingers . . .

In a burst of energy he burst through the window and tore down the fire escape. The next day, unfortunately, the fire department had to come and put it back up again. But that's neither here nor there, for here we have Homer trotting along the sidewalk. In any case, the trot eventually and inevitably halted as Homer saw the institution that he meant to make his destiny — the Bonie Artificial Puppy-Bisquit Company. Adjusting his undershirt, Homer, strode manfully into the building and sought out the registration office. All around him were magnificent offices, presided over by vice-presidents in charge of the various vice-presidents. Homer would arise, after all. He would become like one of these, for he would work harder on Bonie than anyone had in the past, and he would rise. Furthermore, Bonie would rise with him. To be sure, Bonie Artificial Puppy-Bisquit was a fine company at present—even the executives couldn't tell which dog had the Bonie.

Spraying both his personality and his "s's" around like a leaky garden hose, Homer was soon appointed to the position of personal secretary to the boss, Tallulah Tube. Tallulah was a strong-minded woman who made her way in the world despite the handicap of mixed parentage—a man and a woman. However, weathering that storm had provided invaluable training, and she had risen to the top of Bonie: she was the Puppy-Bisquit Queen.

From the first instant Homer and Tallulah fitted together perfectly. In both their blood-systems was Bonie, and the puppy-bisquit was in their souls. Furthermore, Tallulah began to see an avenue of escape from her hen-pecking husband in this quiet individual. Finally, blood-ties could resist no longer, and the boss, peering coyly from under her desk,

motioned for Homer to sit on her lap. Homer was shocked . . . and trapped. He was being taken advantage of by a woman who knew he loved Bonie, had always loved Bonie, and she was exploiting this tender fact.

From that day forth Tallulah made out like mad with Homer, the poor caged beast. One morning he went racing to his doctor, and asked for an especially thorough examination. The doctor looked at him gravely . . . Eleven days later, Homer gave birth to a seven pound, six ounce puppy-bisquit, which eventually grew up to be President, but a pretty crumby one. Tallulah would have nothing further to do with Homer, and she fired him from Bonie. Man and puppy-bisquit were alone against the world which had cast them out. Then came fate into the list, and championed him to what gave the News their biggest utterance of the year . . .

One morning when Homer was out wheeling the baby, he picked up a two weeks-old newspaper. There, staring him in the face, was the startling news that Lassie had been in New York on a personal appearance tour the very day of the dastardly deed.

Opportunist Homer Seedweedy opened suit against the confused canine. Lassie, surrounded by weeping relations, was hauled into court. A blood test of the puppy-bisquit failed to clear the shaken film star. The MGM lion was brought in to testify on behalf of Lassie. But with a grinning Charlie Chaplin appealing to the jury for someone else to get it in the neck, Lassie was convicted.

Thus the tale of small-time Homer Seedweedy comes to an end. Today he may be seen in almost any night-club in New York, and with a different dog each time. He has a suite in the Waldorf Towers, which he maintains on proceeds from the Technicolor films of the trial. The puppy-biscuit won the Academy Award for its performance in a supporting role,

much to the disgust of Rin Tin Tin, who has since convinced movie producers to stop making animal pictures. Homer is quite happy, and why shouldn't he be? After all, what's the purpose of blaming yourself when there are so many better characters around?

Notwithstanding effervescence, life  
In Strife . . .

Sigismund Kraus

# A SATIRICAL FANTASY, PERHAPS

*By* F. Rhuland, Jr.

(The scene is a dormitory room. Tom is sitting at a desk. Dick enters.)

Tom: Oh pshaw!

Dick: What troubleth thee?

Tom: I'm trying to write a play.

Dick: A play! Gad man, thou art bats. What kind of a play?

Tom: A satire.

Dick: A satire on what?

Tom: Satires.

Dick: What?

Tom: A satire on satires.

Dick: Gad man, how original.

Tom: Well, it was about the only thing nobody had written a satire on which.

Dick: How dost thou propose to accomplish this phenomenal undertaking?

Tom: Errr . . . Come again.

Dick: How ya gonna do it?

Tom: That's the trouble. I thought I could do it by

satirizing something that doesn't need satirizing, but I can't think of anything that doesn't deserve to be satirized. Do you have any ideas?

Dick: I? Ideas? No, but . . .

(Inspiration appears)

Who art thou?

Tom: Yeh! Who are ya?

Inspiration: I'm Inspiration. I supply ideas. I understand you need some.

Tom: Yeh, that's right . . . for my satire.

Inspiration: Come here

(Tom goes over. Inspiration knocks a hole in his head and pours in some ideas.)

There, how's that?

Dick: Gad, man! Harry will commence to worry when he hears that thou hast some ideas of thine own now. He liked having thee use his ideas.

Tom: Yeh, but he knew how to use 'em bettern me. Now, let's see. Hey! These aren't the ideas I wanted. I'm trying to write a play; these are for a symphony.

Inspiration: Oh pardon me! Those weren't for you. They were for Shostakovitch. May I have them back? I have yours here. I've gotten so absent minded lately!

Tom: Shostakovitch!

Dick: A Russian, don't cha know.

Tom: Yeh. Maybe I should keep them. Cold War, ya know.

Dick: Gad man, we must be broad-minded about these things.

Inspiration: Remember, an artist is an artist no matter what his nationality. If you won't give me his ideas,

I'll give him yours.

Tom: So what! Mine are in English, but his are in Music, and that's international. I can use his, but he can't use mine.

Inspiration: True, and his are better than yours.

(Enter Harry)

Harry: Pardon me, Tom, but your phone was off the hook, and since I was tapping the line, I overheard wot's gon' on. We's trying out a peace offensive. Give the . . . err . . . man the Russian's ideas. Be a good boy, now.

Dick: Oh bully!

Tom: I agree. Peace is offensive. So he can have his old ideas. They're no good anyway.

Inspiration: They're still better than yours.

(He knocks a hole in Tom's head and takes something out.)

Tom: Hey! Those aren't Shostakovitch's ideas. They're some of mine.

Harry: Let me see. Anything I can use?

(All crowd around Tom and start pulling ideas out of his head.)

Dick: Gad man, look at this.

(He lifts out a beautiful girl)

Tom: Help! Stop! That's my dream girl.

Dream Girl: Brrrr . . . It's cold out here.

Inspiration: Put something on her.

Harry: Here are his History notes.

Tom: Help! Plagiary!

Dick: (to Dream Girl) It's warmer in here.

(He knocks a hole in his head, and she crawls in.) Oh bully, now I have thee. Let us see what else we can acquire.

Tom: Put back my History notes.  
Harry: Like fun! Wait till the boys in Casablanca get a load of this stuff.  
Inspiration: This is fun. I never took ideas out before.  
Dick: Look. Here is Shostakovitch's new symphony.  
Inspiration: Gimme!  
Harry: Lessee!  
Tom: Ouch!  
Dick: Gad man, it's nowhere near as good as his others.  
Harry: That's just because your little bourgeois mind can't grasp its implications.  
Dick: Who's bourgeois?  
Harry: Yo' are.  
Dick: I'll have you know I learned everything I know.  
Tom: So what? Harry learned all he knows from from Harold Laski.  
Henry Wallace.  
Harry: Shut up, Tom, yo' learned all yo' knows from Machiavelli.  
Inspiration: Don't argue. I gave them all their ideas.  
Dream Girl: (Leaning out Dick's ear) He's the villian. Hit 'm in the mid-section! Kill the umpire!  
(All jump on Inspiration and kill him)  
Tom: Now the world won't get any more ideas!  
Dream Girl: (Climbing back into Dick's head) (sings)  
Glory, glory, hallalujah!  
The world is safe at last!

*The End*

# ALCIBIADES

*By* R. Blum, Jr.

Youth,  
You with sensuous mouth and terrible hands,  
I tremble to see you there upon the sand,  
Your eyes no longer calm, your face dark angry.  
What would you there, staring silently  
Across the water, ignorant of the clanging steel,  
The reek of rotting flesh, (of Athens' flesh)  
To scan the dull horizon beyond which,  
In the west, lie Sparta's sleepless shores.  
I see you like some rotted warrior ship  
Around whose barren masts the wind has arched  
And fled.  
Have you wearied of the battle?  
Or are you afraid?  
Would you fling yourself once more at the feet  
Of the cold, red marble pillars,  
Beneath the impotent phallus,  
Begging a miracle upon the faith  
And reverence of your creeds? Foolish youth,  
I pity you.

Tell me,  
From what elder sages  
Have you learned your sour wisdom?  
Who has taught you to play with men  
As with dice upon the gameboard? Have you found  
That war is noble, worthy of endeavor,  
Or is it, likewise, just a game?  
Ah, but your thoughts are with the sea.  
What is there, beyond these tired eyes?  
You search and wait for something;  
An omen favorable for battle,  
The seaward flight of white-winged gulls?  
Or is it, perhaps, a ship you seek?  
A ship of war with brazen masts  
And earth-black sails  
Cut from the grey Aegean sky?  
Is it the ship that comes for you, my lord?

You are afraid,  
Fighter of battles, leader of men.  
Yet it is not for me, an old man,  
To censure you too harshly. There are  
Others for that. But it grows dark. Come now,  
Rise up, become a warrior again.  
Break loose your sporting will  
To mightier wagers than before.  
The fight is yours. Ask of the Gods  
No Procne-like deliverance,  
But turn, be arrogant again.  
Yet care, my son, for in the dust  
Of fallen Ninevans and Medes  
A fleeing man is lost.

# THE SHRIMP

*By* B. W. Wallace

## I. *The Slighted Shrimp*

Much has been written about the antelope, the buffalo, the 'coon, the dogfish, the yak, and other interesting animals. In fact, Mr. Will Cuppy has nearly exhausted the supply of animals to write about. But I believe, worthy as these animals are, there is one citizen of the animal kingdom that has been overlooked, slighted, and generally abused by Cuppy the biographer and scientist. My candidate for the Nobel Prize, The Heisman Trophy, and the Collier's Award is the shrimp.

## II. *Anatomy and Personality*

The shrimp is a small, insignificant looking shellfish who lives in the shallows of the warmer seas all over the world. He isn't much to look at. In fact, if you were to see a shrimp sauntering down a city street you probably wouldn't look twice. In appearance he is truthfully not very striking. This may be due to the fact that he is a member of the De-

capoda family (his mother was a Natantia) which is noted for its ugliness. His cousins on the Macrurous side are lobsters and crawfish, which, though considerably larger, have none of the shrimp's natural wit and capacity for humor. The shrimp is always the life of the party wherever he goes, and sometimes he even plays the part of a gay *roué*, which is French for rascal. This may seem impossible, due to his obvious limitations, but think what a panic you'd be if you could bend your tail over your back and hump your abdomen in three or four segments.

This is possible because the shrimp is noted for the greater development of the paddle-like limbs of the tail, which are used in swimming. Maybe they are used in swimming, but to me they look like so many dinner plates lined up on a busy waiter's arm. (God knows why, but they do!) The *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Volume twenty, "Sarcparilla to Sorcery," says, "the abdomen (the shrimp's) is usually sharply bent between the third and fourth segments, and has a characteristically humped appearance when straightened out." This tells us virtually nothing! What we want to know is which *way* is the abdomen humped, and under what emotional stimuli is the tail straightened out. Indeed such shoddy information is so vague as to lead us to the question, "Just what *do* you know about the shrimp, anyway?"

One more interesting feature of the shrimp's anatomy is the fact that for many years he has been transparent. At some point in prehistoric times the shrimp was not transparent, but being a rather retiring, modest creature, the shrimp turned transparent so that he could have more privacy from the staring eyes of his fellows. Rather tricky of him to do so, wasn't it? But, as we say to explain such matters, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

The shrimp's transparency, as it happens, is a great

advantage to scientists. For some strange reason, the shrimp's health can be roughly foretold by the degree of transparency of the abdomen. There is a test to ascertain the degree of transparency known as the "*Shrimp Transparency Test*," (the founder was rather proud of himself for the title.) The test consists of the simple operation of placing a page from the *New York Times* stock market report and one from *Child's Life* under the shrimp and trying to read each. If the market report is clearly visible, the shrimp is in good health; however, if only the *Child's Life* print is legible, the poor crustacean is suffering an attack of what is commonly called "muddy stomachs." Naturally, one can expect excellent visibility only with the very young of "baby" shrimp.

### III. *Sociology and the Shrimp*

The shrimp's home life is unfortunately not all it might be. Although our hero is a gracious host, a charming guest, and a friend to his fellow shrimp, he never really knows much intimate family life. After all, he has hundreds of thousands of brothers and sisters, and more cousins than Herman Hickman! Like many parents, the shrimp family-heads decide to have a large family—maybe four or five youngsters—and just never know when to stop. If you ask me, it just shows a lack of planning. The social life of the shrimp is therefore thwarted at home. Where is the wanderer to turn for companionship and affection? Why, naturally, the school!

The "school" carries great meaning to the shrimp, and from early shrimphood to late shrimpage he never forgets

the old school. This school has none of the usual features of a school, but is rather an organization for the protection of the shrimp. It is sort of a "Young Shrimps' Christian Association" that keeps the young crustacians out of the briny pool halls and gin mills. The school also instills a sort of "school spirit" that never leaves the shrimp, and many's the day a wise shrimp returns to the scenes of his early life, a briny tear in his eye, quietly reminiscing of the "good old days."

Although the school does a lot toward developing the shrimp along practical lines (a shrimp may also study the humanities if he so desires: that is, if his abdomen is bent in that direction), the shrimp is, nevertheless, instinctively intelligent. He has a latent intellectual curiosity to match Elsa Maxwell's. When he gets his abdomen all humped up (or down, as the case may be) and is determined as all-get-out, *nothing* can stop him from finding out what his shrimp-size brain wants to know. His intelligence also has its practical side, as witnessed by the axiom, "Wise as a shrimp." It is this characteristic that has so endeared him to me. *Crafty!* Why you've never seen real, honest-to-goodness craftiness till you've seen a wise old shrimp slip through a trawler's net! He just a-humps and a-bumps, and before you can say "Crustacean," he's out! Shrimps are never caught in corners because there aren't any corners in the sea; but I bet if there were, the shrimp would know how to get out of them! In fact, I'm sure of it! And the more I think about old, wise Cuppy writing about Gnus and Moas and goodness-knows-what, while never even mentioning the shrimp, well I just start thumping my abdomen in three or four segments, and curling my tail over my head—but then again, you've got to realize that the majestic importance of the shrimp is a little too hot for Cuppy to handle.



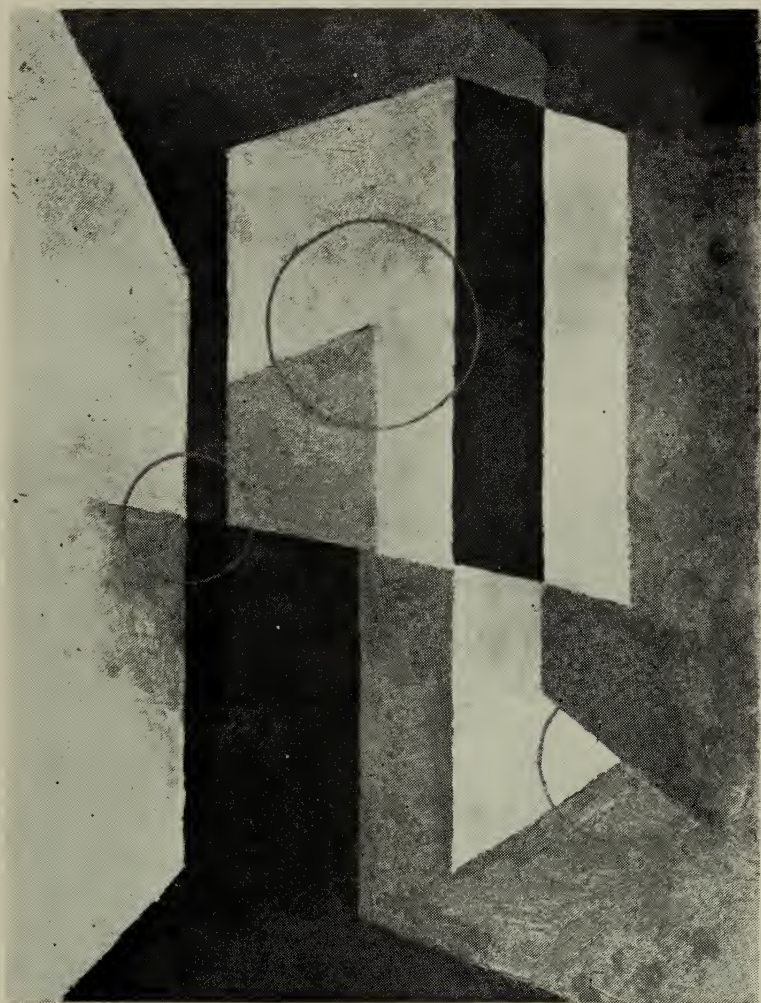
AKTAEON

*L. D. Brace, Jr.*



ABSTRACTION

*J. U. Ottenheimer*



ABSTRACTION

*I. Chermayeff*



PIERROT

*C. F. Flynn*

# NIGHT WALK

*By* R. G. Eder

HE STOOD in one of the large vestibules that served the dining rooms of the college and reached under his coat, hanging shapelessly there among many others. Around him, boys were coming in heavy-footed, thrusting on great overcoats with sharp, quick gestures, talking in easy tones; the customary epithets and phrases struggling lazily up out of the goodwill engendered by a full stomach and a sweet dessert. One of them spoke to him:

“Hi, Mart, how goes it?”

He said:

“Oh fine, very well”, and then grew red, hearing the queer sounds his voice seemed to make, wondering if his awkward words had been noticed. The other, however, had turned away and was talking rapidly with another group.

His fingers touched the wooly texture of his coat; he hoisted it on and felt its weight descend upon his shoulders. Slowly buttoning, he walked out through the spaces between figures, and, pushing against a brass handle, left the building. The winter night air was comforting on his face and down his sides while he descended the three steps; then he was cold, and, twisting his hands in his pockets, he drew his head into his collar and lifted his shoulders.

. . . A hunched up figure in the night, a hunched up figure. The cold knocks and stabs fiercely, but what can it do to the hero, the hero hunched up in the night, with the night-colored coat and the dark, night-burning heart? Wind rise up: through tightened scarlet nostrils, around the corner of the ears and neck, through all the paths which you know best, in howling voices; blow and whistle, scream and shiver, with the forces of your four gods. And world up: send the might of your destroying armies, the maledictions of your awfulest sorcerers, or the massed force of your scorn; all hurled against me. For I am wrapped in heat and light, and my body will bear its shining heart against all your strangeness and fury. Now all question must vanish; what answer, while I can be a shadow against any wall, or blood spilled on the proud fresh snow, or a small black figure in an endless sky . . . ?

He stepped out along the path. Behind him, figures were standing in small groups; talking, it seemed, without words, for only their voices carried over, low and quiet. He had read somewhere of Socrates' quiet voice; these, he was thinking, were discussing obscenity. Over by the benches bordering the path, red glows were devouring the ends of cigarettes. He walked by them, passing their burning curious little eyes.

. . . Little red glows of night lights. Lights from the windows of houses, lights of fire, firelight. Glowing on families: gathered families, full families, fat families; shinily glowing, glowingly heating. Kneeling children play on the carpet: yes father, dear father, oh my father. Chairs and tables in tight, hot circles, whispering among themselves. Flowers arranged in gracious little flower-pots: soft-eyed girls make loving wives make anxious, understanding mothers, pouring a warm, sticky syrup, enveloping and smothering, understanding . . . But yet—must it be I who

shout and rattle the window panes . . . ?

On he went step by step, with his feet pressing on the hard gravel of the path. I must be insane, he thought. Vain. Vanity—not insane. Weary. Little-big. Or only little, very small and futile. He was in an open space now, and there was a clearness around him. He saw the light glow of the ground, the strange shadows and dimnesses, and looking up, was aware of the moon, in ancient, spotted white, clear and hard in the sky. How queer it looks without its clouds, he thought; and also thought about melons, which he had long associated with the moon. And then its light blended softly in with his imaginings.

. . . Bird music, thin and reedy, in the nearby, hollow tone of clarinets or flutes. Sadness, sadness in tears and quiet music is me, is I; voice of an overpowering song. And the moon watches the singing, so along, white and still throughout time to its death. Stillness, and stillness is always alone—and alone with its splendor. Alone, but alone as a martyred saint, bringing light from the mud, and joy through the gloomy vapors of the depths. Thus into the hole. (And I will make it deep, and no one will see how deep.) There will I burn, in the shadow of the fog, my way seen only by the night-prowling cat, my dreams visited only by the ghosts of the hermit mystics . . .

He walked by paths and into the street, rather unevenly, lurching from side to side, but stopping carefully at all the crossings, and standing for a while watching the blurred lights of the cars moving by. His head turned continually as he walked. Sometimes he bent quickly, glancing everywhere, at hedges, trees, along the streets, towards shadows, sometimes straight up, twisting around suddenly, and then turning back slowly. His face moved in a kind of pantomime, at times seeming about to speak, but never uttering.

They do not speak, any of them, nor do they move; why should I expect them to, he thought. It is said that for others they have, or so you sometimes hear.

. . . Dark figures in nature, surrounding us everywhere with your faces always turned inward, all things living while unliving, detached and silent spectators; show me for once the hidden life in you. Trees with wild branches stilled in a gesture, as signposts, almost, or warnings; stones of an old and placid wisdom, abandoned philosophers of a tremendous dead age; roads, seekers and searchers, bearers of pilgrims and voyagers, finding their ends just over the limits of distance: all or any leave your custom and your silence and speak. To me, speak to me. Give what you know and yet hold back: the last knowledge, for lack of which, all answers have disintegrated and gone into questions. Reveal; nor hide from me, but give me what I ask. What heavens and skies are there, but let them come down to me in thunder, for I am not of men, nor can I learn from them, nor do I know them, but must be high over them, enormous with knowledge and final love. Tell me, then: do you not see me as your brother, as your master, as . . . ?

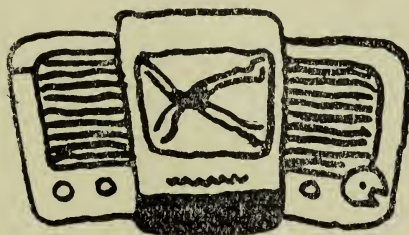
He became then of stillness and of the unchanging aspect of the landscape. Even in the closeness of his mind, his cry sounded thinly; and, thinning out, ended in silence. He stood completely quiet a moment, half sagging, almost swaying. No answer, he thought. No answer from anywhere. Never an answer, for why should an answer be? Only the world, gravely still, gravely staring. Only the same quiet sounds of living. Only the great contempt in the unlistening running on of time, and the steady, unchanging beat of the night and the universe.

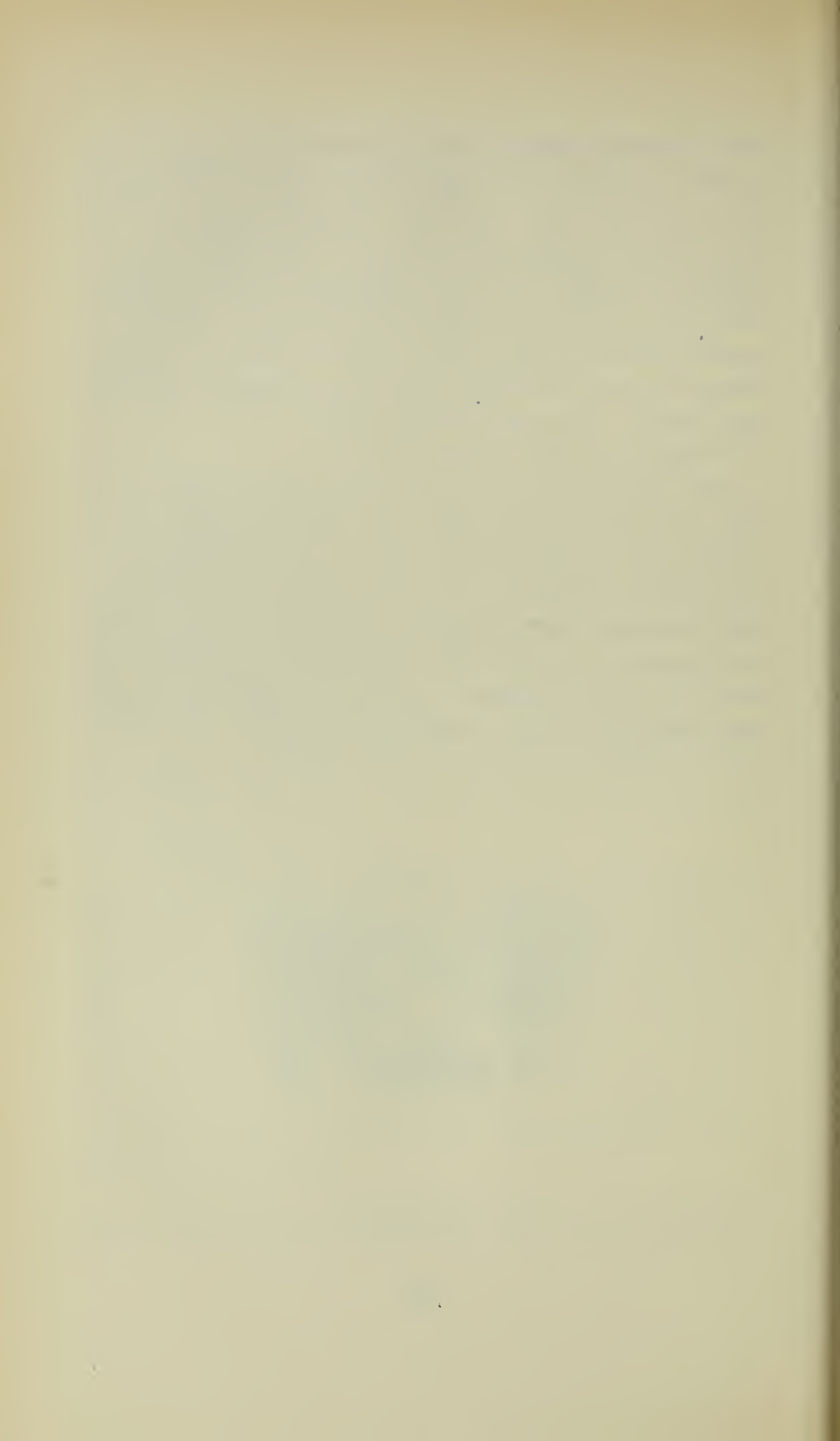
Turning then, he entered the dormitory and climbed slowly up the long stairs. The white walls of the hall in front

of him bent into entrances on each side. All the length of the corridor there were doors, some of them shut and dark, others partly open with lights and voices coming through them. Out of one of them, in particular, came the comfortable sound of talking and laughter, and this, reaching his ears as he stopped half dazed at the head of the stairs, produced a sudden and unusual impulse in him, and he walked quickly in, standing still just inside the doorway. Heads turned toward him, and after a small silence, one of them said:

“Well, well. Mart. Come on in!”

But then the group of faces loomed up large, and everywhere eyes were staring at him—not with any particular expression, but seeming to hold some distance judgement in their steady watching. In front of these, and the curved barriers of their half-turned figures, his impulse collapsed, and, nodding stiffly, he almost ran into his room. There he was able to see, quite distinctly, the line of empty years before him, leading to a solitary and bitter old age.





**THE MIRROR  
SUPPLEMENT**

*for*

LOWER MIDDLE

*and*

JUNIOR CLASS

WRITING

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*[The Editors of THE MIRROR greatly regret that it has been necessary to omit some of the finest writing produced by the Lower Middle Class. Outstanding work in the short story was done this year by the members of the English 2 Honors section under the direction of Mr. Hallowell; unfortunately, however, because of the length of each of these stories, the printing of even two of them would have consumed all of the space allotted to THE SUPPLEMENT. The Editors, therefore, reluctantly decided to print only one of these so that it would be possible to have a Supplement which was representative of all the work being done in the Junior and Lower Middle classes.]*

# BIG BEN IN THE AMAZON

AH! AN ICE COLD COCA COLA can taste mighty good, eh Zeziulio?" I remarked to my young native helper sitting beside me.

"Yas Suh," he answered with a chuckle. " 'T'sa good t'ing no white men come to argue wid you today, 'cause da sun, she's a verra verra hot."

He was right; it was a rather hot day, but a peaceful sort of day at that. As I looked across the main square of the village of Carvociro from my porch, the river, although muddy as ever, was a cooling sight under the blazing sun directly overhead. The two rows of trees that stood along the sides of the square were barely enough to shelter the few natives and their horses or trucks that had come to town. The sun was so bright that it almost hurt my eyes to look at the half dozen shops and houses planted along the two sides of the square. On the other side, a mirage was forming by the little dock.

It certainly was hot, but that didn't bother me. No, I was a happy man. I could almost call myself "Mayor of Carvociro" since the village was composed mainly of this square. I had my shop and house on one side of it (thus owning one fourth of it). I had no transportation and vaca-

tion worries either. Since Carvociro is located where the Branco river joins the Negro before joining the Amazon, I had no difficulty in moving about the state of Amazonas, which provides excellent hunting and fishing grounds.

Suddenly, as we sat there enjoying our drinks, we were both startled by a boat's horn. She was not an ordinary river-boat, but a taxi from Manaus on the Amazon, so we both dashed across the square to meet her at the dock. The next sound that pierced the peaceful air was a weird command. "All hands on deck. We shall attempt to dock, but should the natives prove unfriendly, reverse engines immediately."

It sounded like an invasion, but upon seeing me—a white man—the little launch put in without any excitement.

A little man dressed in a dazzling white explorer's outfit (boots, unsheathed machete, short pants, polo shirt, toupee, and a three-barreled shotgun) climbed off.

"Good afternoon, my man," he said in a sophisticated way. "I take it you're the lad that set off from Manaus six years ago and set up a trading post here. Well, I bring you the greetings and compliments of the Toc Tic Clock Company, Ltd. in London. However, the company feels that you could sell some of our "Little Bens" and I, T. Scrantington Worthing, IV, descendant of the house of Leopold Q. Worthing and twenty-first vice president and stockholder of our company, have come to talk business. Now that we are introduced, pray take me to your abode, and there I shall proceed.

"Well, I'm sure I'm mighty glad to know you, Mr. T. . . . Would you mind repeating that name, sir?" I said trying to hold back a laugh. Zeziulio, who had learned broken English after six years of working was already exploding in the nearby barbershop and telling everybody about my new guest.

"The name is T. Scrantington Worthing. The "T."

stands for Tommy," he replied. "But let us not lose time now. Will we need a safari to get to the post?"

"Mr. Worthing," I exclaimed, "you must be thinking of Africa! No, my shop is across the park."

"Well, in that case I shall leave my wares here."

\* \* \* \* \*

Although he had come charging into my room with his gun several times, Tom, (as I will call him) got up fairly early the next morning. Three times he had mistaken my electric generator for some Indian war horn he had dreamed about, but he still seemed rather eager to start talking business.

"So," he said at the breakfast table, "you don't think you can sell more than twenty-five of my genuine steel clocks! Rubbish, I say; rubbish! Why, if you can't sell them in this bloody town, I will. See here, my lad, I know a trick or two in salesmanship you don't. Get me a safari immediately."

"Now just a minute, Mr." I tried to answer him without making fun of him. "If you had just wired me, I would have fixed up a truck for you, and you could have gone—well anywhere you liked on this road. Again, I want to remind you: this is *not* Africa!"

"I am quite an experienced tropical explorer," he told me in a kind of haughty tone, "and I need none of your lauries. As for using the Indian tom-toms, well I must say I never thought of it. Now get me a safari you bloody scoundrel!"

That did it. It was hilarious: not only what he said, but the thought of him, an aristocratic Englishman, going out to get all beaten up in the jungle! Well, it was just too good a chance to miss, that's all.

Then one day, about a week later, he came back trium-

phant. Yes, T. Scrantington Worthing had had success in tropical business.

I hadn't worried about him, for I had sent Zeziulio along on the expedition. Being used to tramping in the jungle the little Brazilian enjoyed leading Tom's "safari" to different settlements within walking distance. He also reported to me daily what was happening. The explorer, however, didn't get along as well. It seems he was doing everything the hard way.

"Well," Tom said, "by Jove I've done it. Bless my soul if I'm not another Lawrence. I'll admit it's jolly good to sit here on your porch though — and a brandy."

He looked disgusting. His clothes were ragged and dirty instead of nice and clean as they had been. In short, he was a mess, except for his rifle which he had not carried himself. Even his knees were bloody from where his machete had cut him, since he had no sheath for it.

Just then one of the boys came in carrying two bags. He had a sly smile on his face.

"See here now," Tom said, "your alarm clocks couldn't be sold well around here. Well, I traded my whole batch of them. One hundred and fifty little bens! Bit by bit I got enough machetes to pay for them and—" his voice was now raising, "*some genuine ivory from Brazilian Elephants!*"

"Ivory!" I exclaimed, looking into the two bags. "You poor civilized goon! this ought to teach you not to make money off natives you thought were simple. Why, these things are but horns of *zebu* cows! You're lucky you got those machetes. Mr. Worthing, you are *not* in Africa.

"Rubbish, why I tell you . . .", then he stopped, staring at his "safari" laughing at him.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Dey come, dey make trouble, den dey go, eh?” Zeziulio remarked to me half an hour later.

He was right. It was a nice peaceful day again, and the sun shone brightly. From far in the distance, very faintly, the boat’s horn could still be heard.



# IN THE TEETH

*By* M. J. Piel

GLANCING THROUGH Sunday's funnies (glancing? Hell, I studied them methodically for a good half hour), I noticed a most interesting ad captioned: "What makes men propose?" This struck me as being a very sacred subject to deal with in the funny papers. Perhaps, I thought, it was the work of some vengeful man, who, angry at his sex, (I can't conjure up a good reason why) had exposed the secret a few women know to ensnare men. Intent upon finding the solution to the enigma, I eagerly read the page.

The first box contained a picture of a girl, seated in a chair, stroking a kitten and gazing at a photograph of a man. Above her head was a cloud and in it was printed: "I've never thought much about it until now, kitty . . . but I want so desperately to be Fred's wife. Everything's always so wonderful until he kisses me goodnight . . . and then he sort of freezes up. I wonder why?" One can almost imagine the kitten thinking to herself: "Ugly teeth stupid. Got any catnip?" In the next square a boy, who had been eavesdropping behind the door, stepped into the room. Scratching his head in deep thought (or maybe it was dandruff), he asked her if she wanted to hear his view on the subject. Our brave young heroine, willing to face anything, even the facts, to find out

why her beau had been acting so strangely of late, told him to shoot the works. Whereupon her brother gave a lecture on the condition of teeth, with every other sentence containing the words "Dr. Lyons." The kitten seemed to be asleep in that drawing, and I can't say I blamed him one bit. Well, as you probably guessed, everything turned out blissfully, because in the last box, where the reader is informed that he owes thanks to Dr. Lyons for the girl was in the arms of Fred, who was asking her to marry him. Obviously pleased about something, the kitten, in the foreground, was winking. Maybe she was contemplating how lucky she was to be able to meet on loving terms with some alley cat, without having to use "Dr. Lyon's" tooth powder beforehand.

What with the publication of many advertisements similar to this one, all preaching that the success of one's love depends largely upon the condition of his teeth, I won't be surprised if the future cupid bears aloft a bow and dentist's drill. As an example of how foolish people may become over the importance of teeth . . . . .

*time: the early part of night*

*char.: Mary, her mother, and (brat) sister.*

*scene: Mary's bath and bedroom*

Mrs. Smith: Jim called up just now to say he'll be over in a couple of minutes. Are you almost ready?

Mary: GlubblsglI'mblushlingingloppemyteeth.

*Mrs. Smith crosses the stage from the stairway on the right, which she has just come up, and enteres the bathroom.*

Mrs. Smith: What are you using?

Mary: Gluggle.

*Mrs. Smith walks over to the sink and picks up the tooth-paste tube. She reads the label and then snatches the tooth brush from her daughter.*

Mary: Yes. But Mother, Alice does and—

Mrs. Smith: Oh! Using "Klieglight" are you?

Mrs. Smith: You know that I don't approve of her. I won't have any daughter of mine resorting to "Klieglight."

Mary: This is a serious occasion tonight, though, Mom. I've told you that I'm expecting Jim to ask me to marry him tonight.

Mrs. Smith: I don't care. I refuse to let any man propose to you just because he likes the type of tooth-paste you use. Why I got married to your father without having to once worry about my teeth.

Mary: But false teeth were inexpensive then.

Mrs. Smith: And not popular either. People used to wear them only of necessity.

Mary: Isn't that odd. Now one considers it a privilege to have a set of teeth perfect in shape and position. Only the wealthy can afford to buy artificial teeth. Oh, Mother, can't I use "Klieglight" tonight, please?

Mrs. Smith: No. Won't "Dazzling" or "Radiant" do instead? Besides, I thought it was illegal to use "Klieglight" unless you're unmarried and over forty.

Mary: That's right. Too many men found out, after they had been married a short time, that they were just in love their wives' teeth.

Mrs. Smith: There's the door-bell. I'll let Jim in.

*Mrs. Smith exits off the right, and Sue enters from the same.*

Mary: Go away Sue. I don't want you ruining things the way you did last month.

Sue: I was only trying to help then.

Mary: So you put the "deglimerfier" in the tooth-paste and ruined my date. As soon as we got outside, Jim whipped out a flashlight and shone it on my teeth. They didn't reflect his face, and he danced with everybody else that night.

Sue: Oh, forget it. Hey, are you going to wear the piece of

jewelry I sent away for?

Mary: Thanks for reminding me. That was a swell offer "Gleaming" had. You just had to mail them one dollar, and all your baby teeth, and they gave you a necklace with your teeth strung on it.

Sue: Now they have a new offer. You send three gold teeth, they keep one and make the other two into earrings.

Mrs. Smith (*from downstairs*): Jim's here. Are you coming dear?

*Mary exits off the right. The curtain lowers and then rises, indicating a lapse of six hours.*

Mary (*from downstairs*): Mother, Mother! I'm engaged, and look, he gave me the most beautiful bicuspid ring.

*Curtain*

# RIDING STREETCARS

*By* J. H. Willson

THE STREETCAR is a form of transportation which, unfortunately, is rapidly disappearing. With their expensive machinery and extensive track system, streetcars are regarded in this day and age as impractical. They are rapidly being replaced by the more efficient bus, which some people like a great deal better. I, personally, am sorry to see streetcars go. They have a charm which I think a bus totally lacks. They are pleasant, cool and comfortable; riding in them is a pleasure. I think they are interesting, too. The controls, the destination, even the size and color have hidden mysteries. The older ones, too, have an atmosphere of stability, for they never wear out. But their greatest charm, it seems to me, is the effect they have on one's mind. The ideas and thoughts that one has while riding a streetcar are often very strange indeed.

On a summer's afternoon, a streetcar is a typical picture of laziness, and the mind reacts accordingly. The air is heavy and warm, and soon one thinks of bees, and gardens, and sleep. The only thing that keeps one from falling asleep is the occasional jolt of the car as it moves ploddingly along. This lazy effect is especially true when there are few people in the car. I remember once being in such a drowsy mood

and so far in the clouds that I missed my street and had to walk back. I had some queer idea that I was on a slow-moving boat that would stop right by my house. That doesn't happen to me very often, I am glad to say.

At night, a streetcar is a completely different thing. It appears, down a long, dark street, as some monster which is approaching rapidly. As it lumbers up, one wonders if it will be hospitable enough to open its doors at all. When one gets inside, things are somewhat better. But one still has the feeling that he is in some huge machine, hurtling through the night, and about to be crushed by the fearsome black around it. Nevertheless, these ideas are exciting to say the least. A streetcar ride at night always brings about some strange new thought or idea.

Streetcars in the morning suggest crisp business men going to work. Streetcars at noon make one think of hot, tired shoppers returning from downtown. Streetcars at any-time suggest something interesting and strange.

# TOUGH GUY

*By* A. W. Dibbins

**H**E CAREFULLY raised his head and looked over at the kid in a foxhole beside him. The sweat ran down his face, into his eyes, stinging them and blurring his vision. He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand and looked over again. He cursed the luck that had brought this greenhorn into the squad in the first place. He remembered coming in on the landing barge and watching the "boat" shake like crazy. He remembered hitting the beach and digging in beside this kid. He had seen him throw up when the man next to him was ripped open by fire. He remembered the youngster lying on the beach after the assault, shaking and crying. As he looked over at him now, he saw that the kid's hand was trembling as he tried to light a cigarette. Boy, he sure had gotten the raw end of the deal when this raw recruit had come as a replacement for a crack jungle squad like his. He'd always had a raw deal as long as he could remember. Yeah, he was the one who always got it in the neck: Sgt. Steve Miller, the orphan from the Chicago slums who'd fought his way through them with anything he could. The guy who didn't know how to do anything but fight. The guy who joined the army so he could fight some more. The guy who had been in this hell-hole called the Pacific for three years now. The same guy

who had been ordered to a rest camp three times now, but had never gone because he liked to fight too much. The guy who liked to fight even better than he liked to eat; who had gone through hell with his jungle squad only to have it broken up by this green kid. The guy who was always telling himself: "When something happens it's done. Nothing can change it."

Once again he cursed the kid as he thought about him. He was worried about him. Steve knew that this greenhorn had no jungle experience and didn't know the first thing about jungle work. What would happen when he took him on his first mission? That, he thought, was going to be a whole load of fun.

Blam! Steve cursed as he spat out a mouthful of sand. Weren't they ever going to silence that damn seventy-five?

As if someone had been reading his thoughts, an orderly from the major came racing across the beach to Steve's fox-hole.

"Steve, the major wants to see you. I guess that seventy-five has been coming too close for comfort."

"Comin'," he grunted and climbed out of his hole.

The two of them doubletimed it across the strip of beach until they came to a small tent near the edge. Then they opened the flap and went in.

"Oh, Miller, come on in. Now listen, this seventy-five is giving us too much trouble. Here's the plan. You . . ."

An hour later, six men sat on the edge of the jungle listening to a careful briefing by Miller.

As Steve outlined the mission to them he found himself looking around at the faces before him. Mike Strank, the big Pole who could kill a man with his bare hands; Bert Hadley, the jolly little Englishman who feared nothing and had no nerves; Jim Sunn, the Indian who was like a snake in the jungle; Johnny Anderson, the Kentucky mountaineer who

was sure death with a rifle; Al Kenyon, who used a bayonet as if it were a part of him; and the kid, who was good for nothing.

"O.K., fellas, let's go," he said and disappeared into the jungle. He knew without being told that the rest of them were strung out behind him in single file. The kid was at his back and he could sense the tension and fright that gripped him.

He cursed the kid again. The kid who had a good home and folks. The kid who'd finished high school and wanted to be an engineer until the war came. The kid, who, now that he was in the fight, was scared to die. The kid who was just plain yellow in Steve's book.

"If he fouls up this mission," he thought, "I'll kill him sure as hell."

He was so intent upon his own thoughts that at first he did not feel the tap on his shoulder. Then, as his brain cleared, he turned to find the kid standing still in his tracks.

"Well?" Steve demanded.

"I thought I saw something move in the big palm up ahead."

Just as Steve began to tell him that he had a bad case of jungle nerves, his own eye caught the movement of the palm leaves. Signaling the squad to take cover, he moved back to where Jim Sunn lay concealed behind a log.

"Jim," he said, "there's something in that palm up ahead. Can you get him?"

The Indian nodded placidly and moved softly away into the undergrowth.

Steve watched the tree silently, knowing from experience what would happen. He was not conscious of the kid beside him until he heard him give a grunt as a body camouflaged in palm leaves came hurtling down from the tree and struck

the ground with a thud.

Steve moved up quickly with his rifle ready; but, he knew, before he had taken three steps, that it would not be needed. He could see the horn handle of Jim's knife protruding from the sniper's neck. The kid came slowly up to stand beside him and look at the body.

"He's dead, isn't he," murmured the kid.

"Whatta you think?" Steve replied coldly as he turned to look at him. In the kid's eyes were stark fear and terror.

"He's dead," the kid whispered. His voice began to rise to a scream. "He's dead and someday I'll be dead too. I'm sc — —" He seemed to check himself.

Steve did not wait any longer. He hit him twice across the mouth with his open hand. "Shut up, you little yellow-belly," he grated harshly. "You're on this mission and you'll see it through. And so help me God, if you mess it up, you've had it. Understand?"

Steve watched as the kid, still trembling from his violent outburst, turned away and threw up again. Steve cursed him again, but finally gave the order to move on. God, what a mission this was going to be!

Steve was really worried now. The kid had blown up under the pressure. Steve wasn't sure what his slaps had done to the kid. They might have settled him down or they might have made him more jittery than he was—if such a thing were possible. Anyway, for the time being he was quiet. Steve knew that the kid was scared of being killed for making a mistake. Maybe he would behave out of fear. This thought made him feel a little better; but he still had a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach, as if something were going to happen to disrupt the smoothness and efficiency of the mission. Well, he had to keep going. He had his orders.

He was suddenly snapped out of his trance by Hadley's voice in his ear:

"Steve, up ahead."

He looked up quickly and saw a good sized jungle clearing about two hundred yards ahead. Ordering the squad to halt, he surveyed the situation. He had been following an old animal trail with bogs on each side of it. The clearing was about one hundred yards long and fifty yards wide. There were bogs on either side of it. There was no way around. They had to go across.

"When we hit the edge, spread out in a fan," he called. "I'll take the middle. Three on each side. Let's go."

In this formation they moved forward. As they reached the opening Steve saw the men spread out about five yards apart. He peered intently about him. There was no sign of any life at all. He signaled to move forward. They were about thirty yards inside the clearing when all hell broke loose.

From a clump of tangled undergrowth on the far side of the clearing came the deadly chatter of a Japanese machine gun. Steve dropped flat on the ground cursing his carelessness. Out of the corners of his eyes he saw the other six drop as he had done, while above their heads rose the angry whine of flying lead. Then the whine stopped for a while as the Japs waited for a target to move or show itself. Steve mentally kicked himself for his stupidity. There was nothing he could do about it now. They were pinned down.

It was all so clear now. The Japanese, knowing that sooner or later the Americans would send out a party to get the seventy-five, had set up the machine gun for just this purpose. He had walked into it with his eyes open, only he had not seen anything. Well, the kid had not fouled this mission up. He had done it himself. What a sucker he had been not to scout over the opening before he put his nose in it. He

cursed himself again and then began to take stock of the situation. The seventy-five must be wiped out at all costs: those were his orders. On the other hand the machine gun had to be wiped out or all American parties trying to get the gun would be annihilated.

Well, he decided glumly, his time was overdue anyway. Hadley had a duplicate set of orders in case anything happened to him. Hadley could polish off the seventy-five. He started to loosen the grenades from the straps on his chest, when suddenly, about fifty yards ahead of him near the edge of the bog, he saw something move.

"What the h — —?" he began, but stopped short as he saw the kid leap up from the grass and charge the gun, lobbing grenades as fast as he could. The kid got two grenades away before the hail of lead from the machine gun hit him. Steve saw him come up sharply in his tracks, spin around twice, and then crumple in a heap. Just as the kid hit the ground there came a deafening explosion as the grenades landed in the middle of the gun nest.

Before the smoke cleared away, Steve was on his feet. "O.K., fellas," he said, "Let's go! We've got a seventy-five to polish off." The five remaining men picked themselves up and followed him off to the left. Never once did they look back at the kid, but Steve knew they were thinking of him, as was he. The kid had pulled the mission out of the fire twice. He was the first one to spot the sniper, and he was the one to charge the nest and give them all another chance. That had taken a lot of guts. Suddenly Steve realized that the kid might still be alive. The kid had taken it once. Why should he take it again if the Japs found him? Even Steve shuddered at the thought.

Suddenly he halted the men. "Hadley," he called, "Take the squad and get the gun. I'm going back after the kid."

The squad had only gone about a half mile, and Steve made fast time back to the kid. There was no sign of life in the clearing when he reached it. Steve ran to the place where he had seen the kid fall. He was there all right, but he had no legs below the knees.

"God Almighty!" Steve breathed, "He's still alive." He took bandages and antiseptics from his small first aid kit and gave the kid all the help he could. Then with a gentle motion he picked the light, young body up in his arms.

"Come on kid," he whispered hoarsely, "We're goin' home!"

# CONSPIRACY AT THE CAPITOL

*By* H. F. Cooper

**M**OST HISTORIANS say that Brutus killed Caesar, but they are all wrong. The truth of the matter is that Caesar lived to a ripe old age and died of Mongolian Meat-rot in 21 B. C. I don't know how the historians got so mixed up on this matter. It is true that Brutus tried to kill Caesar, and maybe that is what set them on the wrong trail. Anyway, the record needs to be corrected. This is what really happened:

It was ten in the morning, and the Senate was just opening for the day. The senators, all dressed in white togas, were already seated, looking like so many pigeons on a limb. The dark marble walls spread an atmosphere of gloom. Everyone was silent.

As the main door of the auditorium swung open, Caesar, followed by twenty lictors, paraded in and took his place at the head of the Senate. There was the muffled sound of the Senators rising as he entered. The lictors took their places; everyone sat down. After the last sound had died away beneath the arched roof, Caesar spoke:

"Well, is there anything new today? Things are quite

boring nowadays, no wars, no fights, and, why, I don't believe there's been a really good assassination for days!"

Artemidorus, the nearest lictor to Caesar, noticed certain members of the Senate exchange glances at the word assassination.

"No, Caesar, I don't believe anything new has happened," answered Casca, a senator near the front of the room, "but you can take my word for it that something will occur very soon. Something important is bound to turn up, and I'll wager it will be an assassination—"

"About this bill, Caesar." interrupted Cassius quickly. "Do you realize that the catacombs haven't been swept since the days of Servius Tullius? Consequently, I propose that—"

Artemidorus didn't like the way Cassius had interrupted Caesar. "Why hadn't he let Casca finish?" he thought. "Why had Brutus and Cassius looked at each other when Caesar mentioned assassinations? Could it be . . . ?"

When the meeting of the senate was over that evening, Artemidorus put away his fasces and changed from his brilliant uniform into his toga. He went down into the street, climbed into his chariot, and drove away. Thinking that something might turn up, he soon turned sharply into a dark alley. He looked over at the capitol about two blocks away, all white and glistening in the last rays of the sun. The high dome, surrounded by swooping pigeons, made a shadow which cut the Tiber in half. At another time he would have enjoyed this sight, but now he hardly noticed it.

Soon he heard the rattle of harnesses, the clatter of wheels over the cobblestones, and the patter of galloping horses. Brutus's chariot dashed by. Artemidorus started after him, taking care not to come too close. He trailed Brutus, hoping he might be led into some clearer proof for his sus-

pitions. But he was disappointed, for Brutus went straight home.

"Brutus certainly looks innocent enough," he thought. "Maybe I'm wrong."

He continued past Brutus's house to the brown stone Forum. It was clouding over, and mist was settling on the Tiber. Night was falling, and the lamplighters were lighting the street lamps. Suddenly someone on a horse dashed past him, throwing a bundle into his chariot.

"For you, Trebonius!" shouted Casca. He dashed on.

Artemidorus pulled up under a lighted window and examined the bundle. He opened it. A note inside read:

"Trebonius,

Be at the Janiculum tonight.

(signed) Cassius."

"Hm," said Artemidorus, "Casca has made a little mistake. But it certainly will help me. He is *such* a stupid man!" Late that night a slight drizzle set in, and the fog became thicker. Seven horses and chariots wended their way up the Janiculum, the noise of the hoofbeats muffled by the mist. Artemidorus arrived at the appointed spot just after Decius and Cassius. Finally Brutus arrived.

"Is everyone here?" whispered Brutus. "Where is Trebonius?"

"I'm here," said Artemidorus.

"Good. Well, tomorrow is the Ides of March. You all know the plan. But there is one more thing: Trebonius, my friend, you must lead away Mark Antony. I'm afraid that if he were around tomorrow, he would be a great danger to us."

"Yes, Brutus," answered Artemidorus, "I'll do it."

"Casca," said Cassius severely, "you little idiot! You almost gave us away this morning. I managed to stop you in time, but as it was, I think one of the lictors suspects some-

thing. Brutus, I think he ought to be killed tonight. He might be dangerous."

"I agree," said Artemidorus.

"No," said Brutus. "I don't believe he suspects anything, and, besides, it would mean too much bloodshed."

Just then there was the sound of a chariot approaching.

"Hide, or we'll be discovered!" said Cassius.

The chariot stopped. The conspirators stepped back into the shadows.

"I'm sorry to be late," said the real Trebonius, "but someone stole my chariot."

"Trebonius!" exclaimed Cassius. "But, then, who is this man?"

Artemidorus didn't wait any longer. He jumped on a horse and galloped off towards home. It was a full minute before the conspirators realized what had happened. Brutus jumped up and ran to a place where he could see the lights of Rome twinkling a mile away. It was too late to chase, because Artemidorus was probably well inside the city walls.

The next day, the Ides of March, there were six empty seats, those of the conspirators, in the Senate. Caesar came in as usual and sat down in his stiff chair.

"Well, well," said he, "has anything new happened today? Things are quite boring nowadays, no wars, no fights, and, why, I don't believe there's been a really good assassination in days!"

# THE FUNERAL

*By* J. W. Flanders, Jr.

THE SMALL CHURCH ROOM was filled to its utmost capacity. Those who were smart had come early and had the good fortune of sitting either on the few benches or on the hard floor. Behind and to the sides of these, the rest were standing, man to man, shoulder to shoulder, body to body, taking advantage of every inch of space there was. The atmosphere was stifling. There was no ventilation because even the windows were crammed completely full of people. The air smelled a mixture of perfumes, from the hundreds of flowers, and of sweat, which oozed forth freely from the throbbing crowd. There was almost complete silence. Now and then someone whispered something to his neighbor, or an impatient child called out; but for the most part the people were quiet. They seemed to be waiting for something. Their eyes were fixed on the very center of the room. No one could move; no one wanted to move. They were all waiting, tensely, silently; and they all looked to the center of the room from which they knew that "something" for which they were waiting would come, towards the center of the room where the body lay resting in its coffin.

He had been their pastor, their friend in need, and a man whom every one of the hundreds of negroes at the

church respected and loved. Now he was dead. There would never again be anyone to lead the negroes of that section as he had led them. There would never again be a man who could make them feel as close to God as this man had made them feel. No longer would these people be able to turn to him when they were caught in the grasp of the white man's law. That man was now dead and resting in a coffin in the middle of the over-crowded church; resting for the last time in the church in which he had preached for over forty years.

The assistant minister sat by the coffin, which was surrounded by scores of bouquets of beautiful flowers, flowers which would be a final tribute to this old and beloved preacher before his soul ascended into heaven. The young minister's head was bowed, almost down to his knees. He had been that way for over thirty minutes now. He was praying, partly for the Lord's safe deliverance of his dead pastor's soul, but mostly he was praying that the Lord give him courage and ability to carry on where his pastor in the coffin beside him had left off. Not a sound escaped his lips, and his body was motionless. The people all around were silent also; they were waiting for him, and it looked as if they could have waited forever.

It was not the young assistant minister who broke the silence, however; it was the scream of the dead pastor's wife. The strain on her had been too great, and she had completely broken down. Then it was as if the congregation in the church had suddenly been shocked by an electric charge. There was a great murmur among the people. Children, frightened by the scream, were crying loudly. The sobs of the dead pastor's wife could be heard everywhere. They reached out to the corners and up to the rafters. Relatives and friends tried in vain to comfort her. Confusion spread everywhere throughout the church.

Then the young assistant minister rose up and started to sing. Through the noise of the crowd his deep voice stood forth bravely, clearly, unfalteringly. The noise died down a bit. The song was low, rolling, and rhythmic. A woman in the back of the church broke in and carried the melody with an incredibly high-pitched, but beautiful, voice. The beat got faster and faster. Others joined in, humming. The singing mounted. People clapped their hands and stamped their feet and sang furiously. The pitch grew higher and higher, the volume louder and louder. It was almost as if the church was on fire. This wasn't a song; it was a voodoo chant from Africa in which the weird music beat faster and faster and higher and higher and shriller and shriller and louder and louder until it became unbearable.

And then, abruptly, the singing was stopped. The crowd sank back, rested, and waiting. The tension of the singing had been too much for some: three or four had fainted, either from the intense pressure on their blood or from the heat which was almost unbearable in the church room. People were sick, and they were quickly taken outside. The congregation was almost completely exhausted. The widow's frequent sobs were still heard all over the room.

Then the young assistant minister began praying out loud. This was a cue to the people, who did not listen to him, but prayed out loud themselves. Hundreds of voices, each uttering its own separate prayer, were raised together. There was not a loud roar, rather a low mumbling; but that mumbling also began to increase in volume. The more the people prayed, the louder they shouted. Arms were stretched out to heaven. Voices were breaking in desperate pleas for deliverance. This was their praying, praying that the Lord God could hear, praying that came from the very insides of their souls.

When the praying had reached its peak and was dying

down, four men rose at a sign from the assistant minister and stepped to the center of the room. They took hold of the two brass rails on either side of the casket and, raising the rails to their shoulder, began to hum, almost moan, their low, well-known funeral chant. Their bodies swayed back and forth with the casket suspended between them by the rails on their shoulders. Sweat dropped freely from their bodies. It looked as if they might drop the coffin, but they held fast. A path was roughly made for them, and they pressed forward, bearing the body of their dead pastor on its last journey.

These four, with the assistant minister leading them, passed through the door and out into the church yard where hundreds more people were assembled, waiting. Not a word was given, nor was one needed. There was a job to do, and it was being carried out. From the church the assistant minister, followed by the four casket-bearers, led a winding procession, four abreast, on the slow half-mile "walk of death" to the cemetery.

Everyone was humming the chant now. The line was blocks long. It was a sight which could never be forgotten. The procession wove its way forward over the hard red-clay road. The people half-marched, half-stumbled, but always pressed forward. When the casket became too heavy, four other men took over. Plodding on and on they went, moaning and humming their sacred chant. At last, the cemetery was reached. In the middle of it there was a freshly opened grave. This was it, the people knew, and they thronged around the grave and came to rest.

The casket-bearers stepped forward; the minister began reading prayers from his old Bible. The people all fell to their knees, their eyes closed, their heads bowed down. No one looked up; not a word was said. The sound of a shovel against earth was heard. Still no one looked up. The

sound stopped; the minister's prayers stopped. There was complete silence. Then, slowly, heads were raised; eyes were opened. The people rose in unison.

The casket was gone: the earth had swallowed it. There was nothing left except a small mound of fresh dirt. The crowd turned and slowly went away.



# JAILBREAK

*By* R. D. Anderson

**I**T IS FOUR A. M. in the Louisiana State Penitentiary at Baton Rouge, The cavernous cell-blocks echo with the hollow tread of the ever-present guards. Crisp orders ring down the corridors as the midnight shift of guards is made. From the fifth cell of block B, come the voices of two convicts talking in low tones.

"I'm scared, Pete," whispers one of the two figures just visible in the corner of the cell.

"Shut up, Johnny. We've got nuttin to worry about," comes the sharp reply. "Listen, they're changing the guards right now. Everything is going to go okay. We got our guns, and we've gone through our plans over and over, looking for possible slip-ups. How can anything go wrong?"

"I guess your right, but— Hold it. Here comes de new guard. Now, do your stuff."

Pete's voice is syrupy in tone as he calls, "Say guard will ya come over here a minute? This punk ain't been feelin so good. I'm kinda scared of the way he's been coughing. I figured maybe he mighta caught pneumonia."

The unsuspecting guard quickly strides over to the cell and unlocks the door. "When did he first start coughing?" he inquires bending over Johnny's bed. "Say, he doesn't

look very sick to me. What's going on here?"

"Okay you! Take off your uniform!" Pete snarls as he waves a small thirty-two automatic in front of the startled guard. "Come on! Don't just stand there! Get it off!"

The guard, too dumfounded to offer resistance, mutely removes his clothes.

Two minutes later, a "guard" and a sick prisoner are walking down corridor B.

"Keep your head down, and remember to let out a groan now and then," whispers Pete.

"By God, I think we're goin to make it this time, Johnny."

Rounding a turn in the corridor, the pair almost collide with a guard, who stepping back, regards them with a puzzled and uncertain expression.

"Say, what's this? Where are you two going?" he demands.

"Got a sick prisoner, Pal. Look's like he's goin' ta kick-off. I'm rushing him down to the infirmary," comes Pete's quick yet calm reply.

"He doesn't look too good does he? You'd better get moving," says the guard as he steps aside, allowing them to pass.

The door marked "Entrance" swings open. A guard helps a sick convict into the prison infirmary. They walk over to the night desk and rouse a sleeping orderly. Pete speaks: "Ring me an ambulance on your sqawk box, bud, and make it quick. This guy'll be done for soon!"

The half-asleep orderly sluggishly picks up a phone and mumbles a few words. "O.K. pal, it'll be here before ya know it."

"Why'ntcha sit down over there? Might as well let the poor guy rest easy. Say, watcha so nervous about? Don't

worry about that punk. What if ya do save him. He'll only have to come back here again, and nobody ever escapes from this place." After this comment, the orderly leans back and proceeds to fall asleep once more.

The minutes drag by with terrible slowness. Every one of them brings the danger of capture a step closer.

Suddenly, there is a screeching of breaks outside. A big grey door marked "Loading" slides open to reveal a long, gleaming ambulance. The pair rise quickly and hurry into it. The door slides shut, and the ambulance roars off into the black night.

A flat voice drones from the loudspeakers over the orderly's desk, "The time is now five a. m. All prisoners present and accounted for."

The orderly starts slightly at the noise, and then lapses back into his well-earned slumber.

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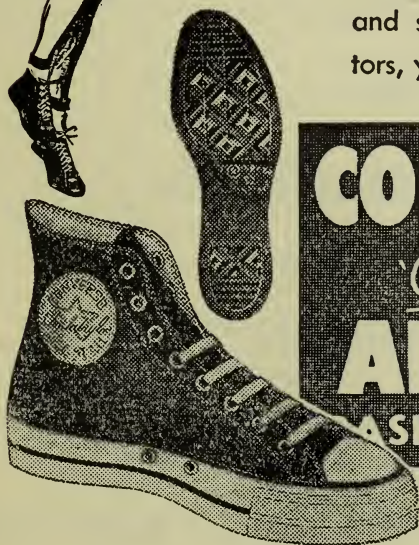
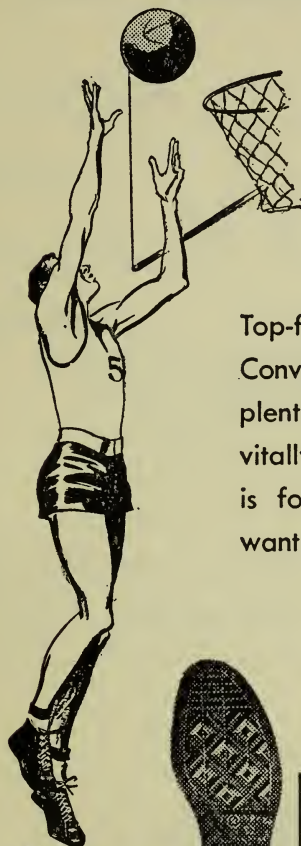
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